

The Sketch.

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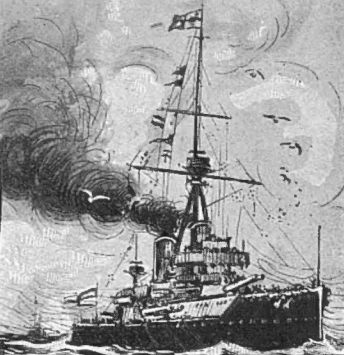
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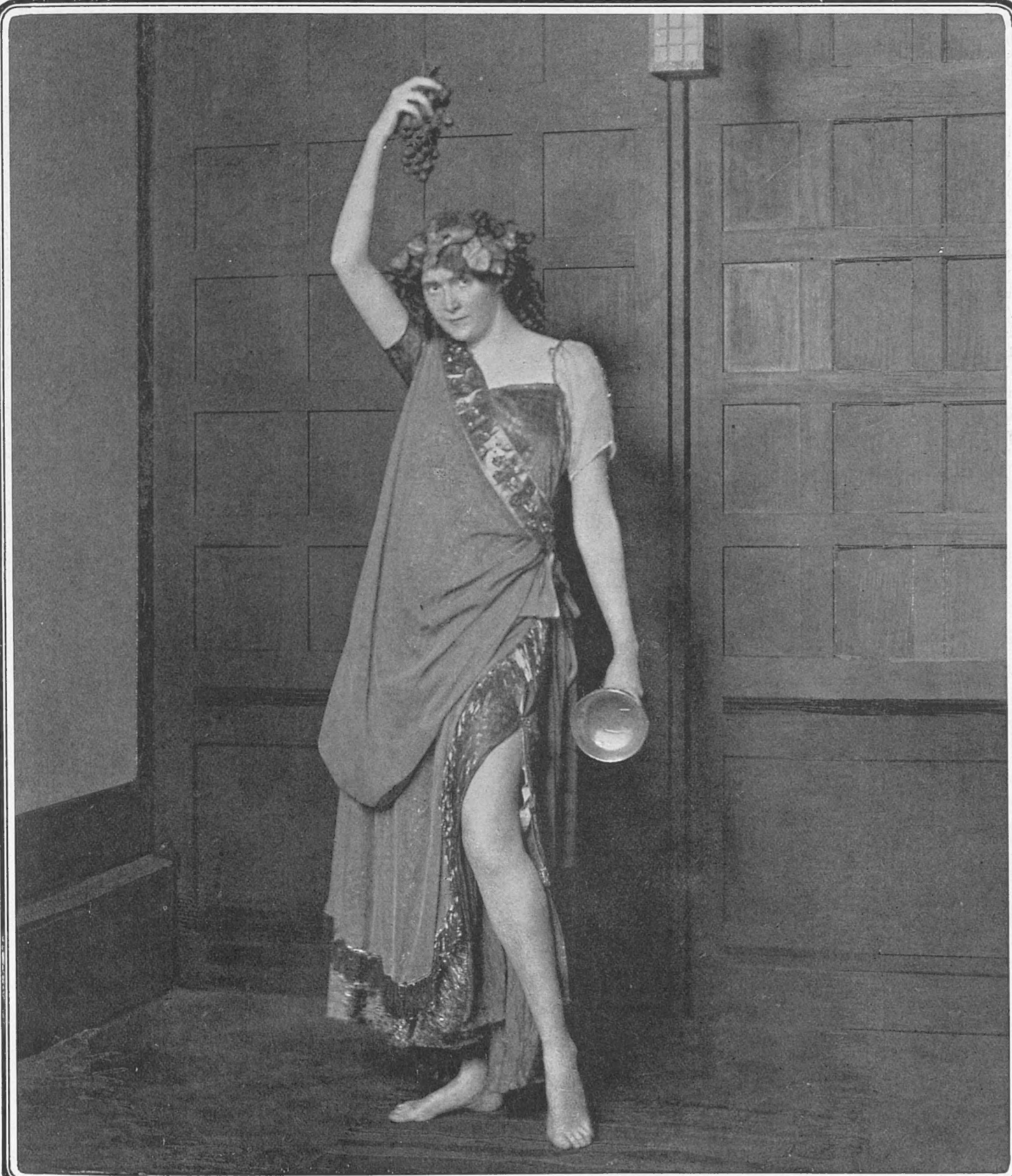
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No. 990.—Vol. LXXVII.

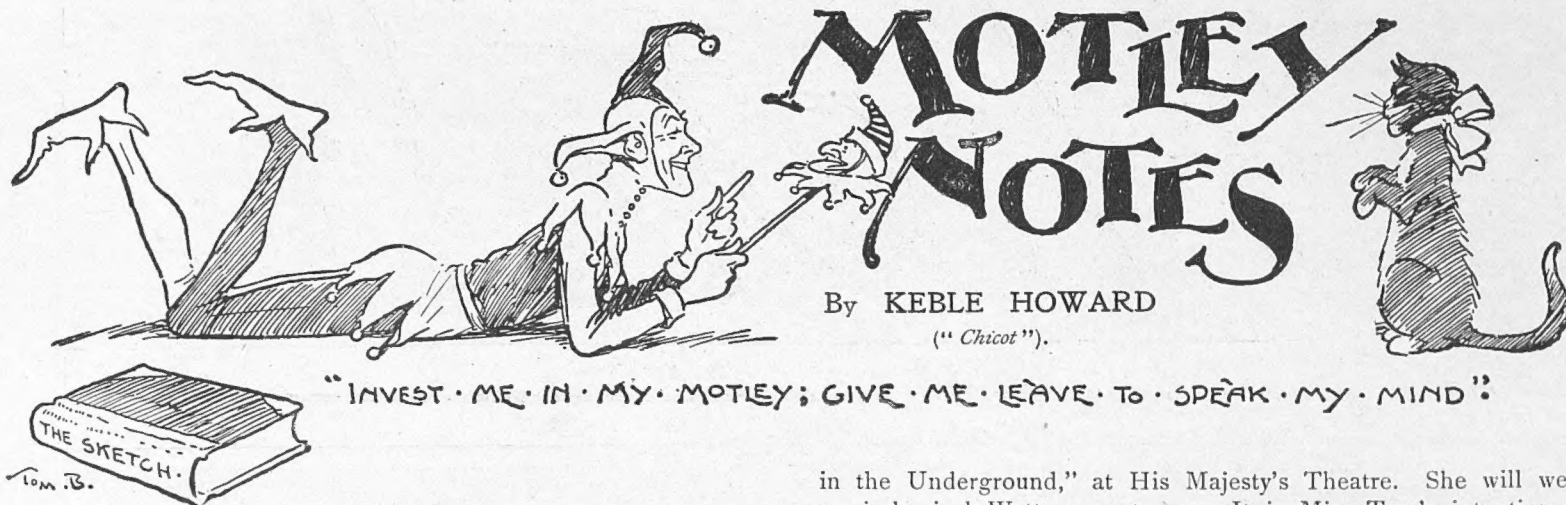
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1912.

SIXPENCE.



A GODDESS FROM MILAN: MISS VIOLA TREE AS EURYDICE IN "ORPHEUS IN THE UNDERGROUND,"
AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Miss Viola Tree, who has lately returned from Milan, where she has been pursuing her musical studies, has now joined the cast of "Orpheus in the Underground," produced by her father, Sir Herbert Tree, at His Majesty's Theatre. She takes the part of Eurydice, wife of Orpheus, and is here seen in the Bacchante dress which she wears for the Drinking Song. She appeared, it will be remembered, as Ariel in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and as the Sleeping Beauty in "Pinkie and the Fairies."



A Depressing Publication.

Somebody has sent me a copy of a monthly magazine called *Healthward Ho!* This magazine is edited by Mr. Eustace Miles. I am not, I think, easily disheartened, but Mr. Eustace Miles has succeeded in reducing me to the borderland of Despair. Mr. Miles aims, and is anxious that his readers should aim, at the Perfect Life. For my part, I have been aiming at the Perfect Life for some years past, but *Healthward Ho!* proves clearly to me that I am not at all likely to hit the mark.

Take the simple act of breathing, for example. I, in my ignorance, breathe with my lungs. I draw breath and expel it without thinking of what I am doing. This is all wrong. Mr. Miles breathes, not with his lungs, those senseless organs, but with his brains. Every breath that he takes is taken strictly according to science. So many a minute, so deep, and so on. I feel that I shall never become a scientific breather. I shall go on breathing in the silly, old-fashioned way to the end of my days. This is a saddening thought at the beginning of a new year.

Then we come to the eyes. You must use your eyes scientifically as well as your lungs. The eyes must be exercised lest they grow stiff. In a certain school for girls, I read, the pupils—that is to say, the girls—are made to stand up with their heads unmoved, and to roll their eyes, first up, then down; then to one side, then to the other side; then from each corner to the other corner (top right corner to bottom left corner and back; and top left corner to bottom right corner and back). The value of these exercises can scarcely be exaggerated. Most people must have noticed that the old-fashioned or Edwardian schoolgirl suffered severely from what one may term Immobility of the Eye.

Perfection in Diet.

Further, I am a confirmed meat-eater. Roast beef, roast lamb, roast pork, fried bacon, roast chicken, sausages, kidneys—all these poisons I take from time to time, as they happen to be put on the table. We have not such a thing as a Nut-Mill in the house. Think, friend the reader, of a modern house, a house that strives after the Perfect Life, without a Nut-Mill!

You can do little or nothing without a Nut-Mill. "If you wish to form cutlets or croquettes, you take the milled nuts or milled cheese and milled crusts of bread, and add fresh butter until they become the right consistency. You can then make them into cutlet shape, dip them in egg and breadcrumbs, and fry in Vegetable Butter." Could any dish be more delightful?

Yes. Chestnut and Mushroom Cutlets. Listen. "The cutlets were made from steamed chestnuts, passed through a mincer, with equal quantities of grilled mushrooms and spring onions, with pepper, mace, and salt to taste, and with enough egg to bind the whole into a paste. The paste, when cold, was masked over with tomato-sauce, into which had been dissolved some agar agar." All these years I have believed that chestnuts and mushrooms were very harmful to the digestion! As for "agar agar," I have made inquiries of the local grocer, and I find, to my regret, that he does not stock it. I wonder if I should have tried the greengrocer?

Anyway, I think I have shown that the Perfect Life is beyond the reach of most of us. Why should we continue to strive?

THE INTERVIEWING MANIA.

(With apologies to any human daily paper.)

Miss Viola Tree will return to the London stage to-night after an absence of nearly two years. She will play Eurydice in "Orpheus

in the Underground," at His Majesty's Theatre. She will wear semi-classical Watteau costumes. It is Miss Tree's intention to appear in grand opera in Italy.

"Yes," said Miss Tree, in reply to an inquiry by one of our representatives, "it is quite true that I shall appear to-night as Eurydice in 'Orpheus in the Underground.'"

"The piece is being performed at your distinguished father's theatre, Miss Tree, is it not?"

Miss Tree graciously admitted that this was indeed the case.

"Can you tell me anything about your costumes, Miss Tree?"

"Well, they are Watteau costumes—semi-classical, you know."

"You have been out of England, have you not?"

"Yes. I have been studying singing at Milan."

"And have you any plans for the future?"

"Oh, yes. It is my intention to appear in grand opera in Italy."

"Doubtless we shall soon have the pleasure of hearing you at Covent Garden or the London Opera House?"

"Ah," replied Miss Tree, with a gracious smile, "as to that, I can say nothing definite at present."

The Heat Wave.

"The extraordinary heat wave that has been passing over the southern portions of these islands," writes our Nature Expert, "still continues. The sun shone brightly for ten hours yesterday. At the seaside resorts, bathing-machines were hastily drawn from their winter quarters, and sunblinds were everywhere in evidence.

"Butterflies may be seen in every village of the southern counties. At Brentwood, a tortoiseshell was gaily chasing a Red Admiral, whilst at Winchester a peacock was observed in company with a Painted Lady.

"Hive-bees have emerged and make the air gay with their hummings. A farm hand was stung on the nose at Rochester, whilst our St. Albans correspondent telegraphs that the wasp plague is already worse than at any period during last summer.

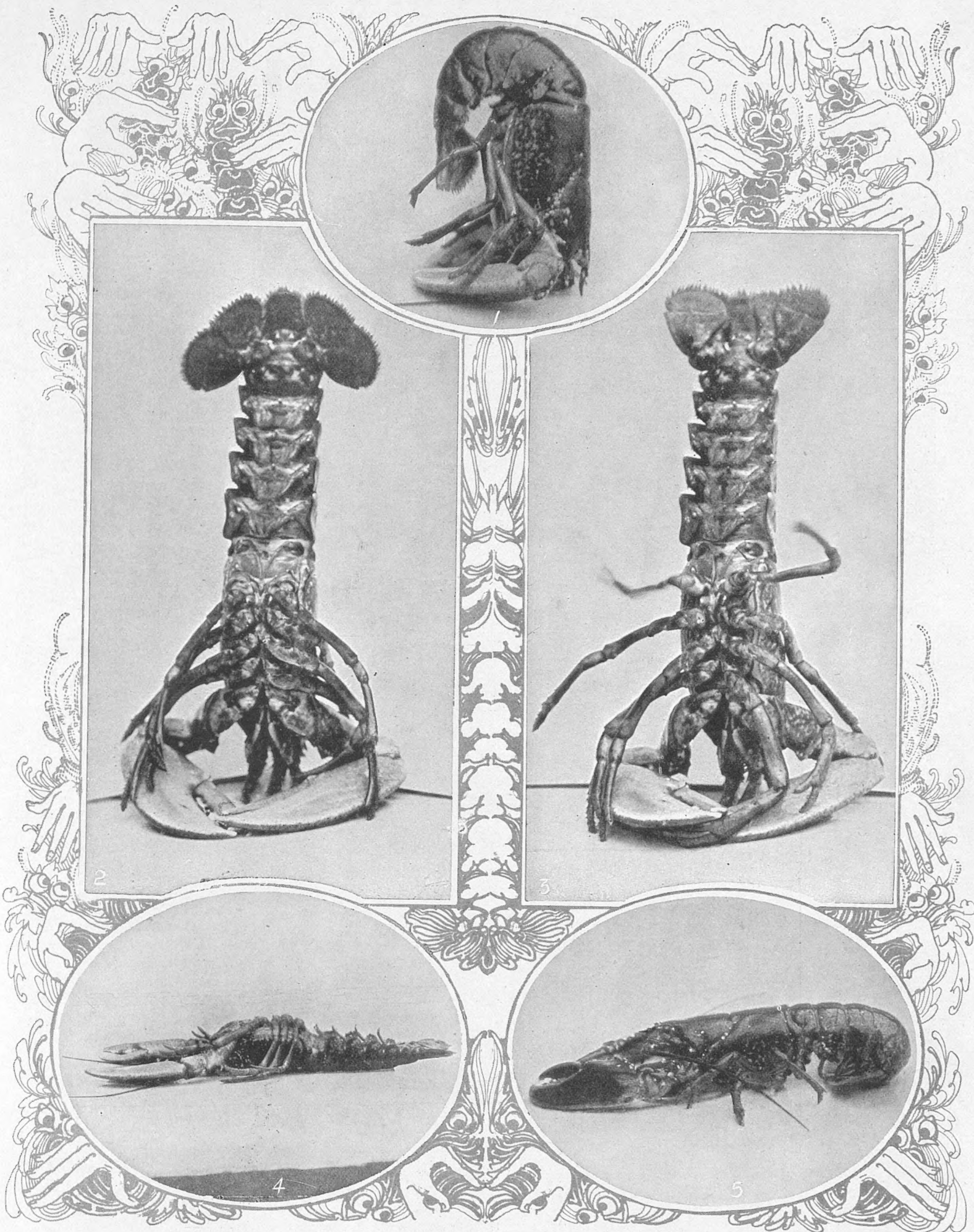
"In Surrey the gardens are thick with daffodils, crocuses, hyacinths, and narcissi. Snowdrops and bluebells have succumbed to the intense heat.

"A cuckoo has been heard at Reigate, and at Merstham the nightingales are so noisy that the local fire-brigade has been called upon to suppress them."

Boston v. Eton.

Much interest is being taken by the readers of one of my daily papers in the education of the son of a certain peer. The boy has been removed from Eton, having been there for one term, and is to go to school at Boston, U.S.A. One reason for the change is that his mother objects to fagging and corporal punishment. I know nothing of the Boston schoolboy, but I have seen the Harvard undergraduate at play. If this peer's son goes from his school at Boston to the University at Harvard—a reasonable proceeding—and if he wishes to become a member of a certain desirable club, he will do more fagging in a fortnight than he would have to do in an English public school in two years. He will be at the beck and call, from morning till night, of every member of the club. He must wear rags and perform the most servile tasks. He may be called upon to black the boots of a tramp in the public street, or to make a call upon the tramp's wife. If he refuses any task placed upon him during that fortnight, he runs the risk of having his candidature cancelled.

NOT A RESULT OF TOO MUCH SALAD: MESMERISED LOBSTER.



1. UNDER THE 'FLUENCE: A LOBSTER MESMERISED.

2. STANDING ON ITS HEAD WHILE MESMERISED: THE LOBSTER IN A POSITION IT RETAINED FOR SIX MINUTES.

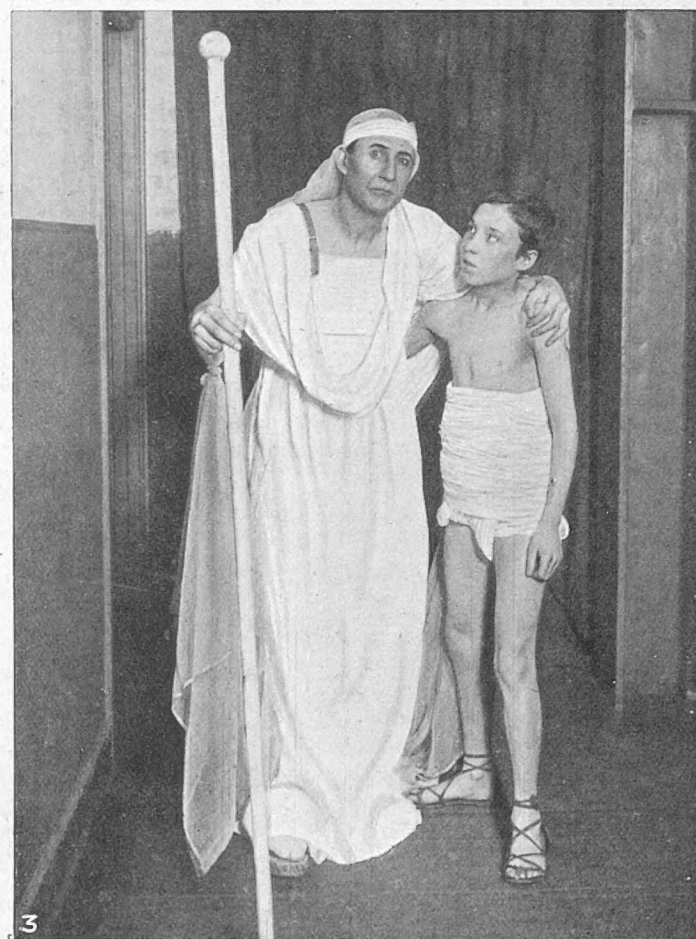
4. AS IT WAS FOR AN HOUR: THE MESMERISED LOBSTER.

3. GETTING OVER THE COMATOSE STATE: THE LOBSTER BEGINNING TO RECOVER ITS NORMAL CONDITION.

5. NORMAL AGAIN: THE LOBSTER AFTER THE 'FLUENCE HAD PASSED AWAY.

Mr. Martin Duncan, lecturing at the London Institution the other day, explained how a lobster may be mesmerised. The usual method is as follows: "Place it on its head, supported on a tripod formed by the rostrum (the sharp beak of the carapace, which projects in front between the two eyes) and its two large claws. Hold the lobster in this position while you rapidly rub the tips of the fingers up and down the back of the carapace (the jointed "armour" covering the front part of the body). In twenty seconds to a minute the lobster will succumb and remain for a varying length of time in this position. One lobster remained in this position for six minutes. Then it began to wave its walking legs, its tail-fan closed, its abdomen tottered forward, and it came down with a crash, and, suddenly waking up, it scuttled backwards. A lobster was mesmerised in the horizontal position and turned over on its back, and remained thus for over an hour. Recovery from the comatose state takes place immediately when a crustacean is returned to salt water."—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.]

FIRST ACTED ABOUT 425 B.C.; SOPHOCLES' "ŒDIPUS REX."
CHARACTERS IN THE REINHARDT PRODUCTION AT COVENT GARDEN.



1. THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS OF THEBAN ELDERS: MR. HUBERT CARTER.

2. CREON: MR. LOUIS CALVERT.

3. TEIRESIAS AND HIS BOY: MR. H. A. SAINTSBURY AS THE BLIND MAN.

4. A HERDSMAN: MR. PHILIP HEWLAND.

In Mr. Frank B. O'Neill's explanatory note, which is a feature of the programme of Mr. Martin Harvey's presentation of Professor Max Reinhardt's production of Sophocles' "Œdipus Rex," it is written: "Older than the 'Odyssey' of Homer, the myth of Œdipus was a traditional subject with the poets and tragedians of Greece, but the 'Œdipus Rex' of Sophocles is the only complete tragedy which survives. This was first acted about the year 425 B.C. . . . Like 'Hamlet' and other great plays, its message is enigmatic, yet in every age it is full of appeal.—

[Continued opposite.

THE MOTHER AND THE WIFE OF ŒDIPUS, KING OF THEBES.

THE MAX REINHARDT PRODUCTION OF "ŒDIPUS REX," AT COVENT GARDEN.



JOCASTA: MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY.

Continued.]

—Many will merely be carried away by its thrilling drama; others will be interested in the attitude of mind, both of Œdipus and of Jocasta, towards 'the Divinity above,' and in the strongly defined relation of faith to reason. Fundamentally full of reverence for the Gods, Œdipus soon finds reason battling with reverence, and it is reason that finally becomes the harshest judge of sin; whilst Jocasta, after losing all trust in the Prophets of the Gods, finally bows her head to the Fates. Let it be here said that whatever may be repugnant in the story itself is lost entirely in the extraordinary vitality and moral grandeur of the drama and in the intellectual absorption of the characters themselves. For we are looking into two human souls. We are absorbed as Œdipus walks blindfold to the precipice. . . ."

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Jan. 20, Mat., RIGOLETTO. Jan. 24, LOUISE.
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The Waters of Bitterness. (A Play.) S. M. Fox. 2s. 6d. net.

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Windflowers: a Book of Lyrics. William Force Stead. 2s. 6d. net.

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SHORT STORIES AND A "CHIEL TAKKIN' NOTES."

"The Island of Enchantment,"
By JUSTUS M. FORMAN.
(Ward Lock and Co.)

Peril, chivalry, and romance are Mr. Justus Forman's themes for this collection of stories. He is so excellent a story-teller that when he adopts a medium it at once appears his specialty. Consequently "The Island of Enchantment" will be more than satisfactory to his many readers, and his tales, any one of which can easily be read within the hour, will be peculiarly acceptable. The title of the first story, unlike many of similar collections, gives an admirable estimate of the whole; for whether in mediæval Italy, or some petty Balkan kingdom, or among the Celtic haunts of Merlin, it is always enchanted country in Mr. Forman's hands. There is a delightfully humorous picture of bored royalty in "The Other Way"; "Valle Morte" is a tale of eerie faery; the woman who is politically ambitious will enjoy "Irene of Trebizond"; an entrancing problem awaits the brain-specialist in "The Dream," and this story has an opening which illustrates Mr. Forman's happy power of suggestion, of his clever mingling of the uncanny and the familiar. A little boy stands beside his father watching his grandfather die. "He sat in a great armchair facing a window in his own chamber, and he looked exactly like a picture that was in one of my history-books—'The Death of the Gothic King': a huge, gaunt man with bushy eyebrows, and his head bent forward so that the great white beard was spread out fanwise over his breast." A strange death scene ensues, and the little boy is sent to the house-keeper and comforted with sugar cookies—seed cookies with a single raisin on the top. "To this day I connect them with my grandfather's death and with what he saw before he died."

"Henrietta Taking Notes."
By E. CROSBY HEATH.
(The Bodley Head.)

Henrietta is a child that everyone must delight in, save those of her immediate entourage, and even with those delight must and would overtop embarrassment. Between the ages of eleven and fourteen (as she explains: "I shall be thirteen next month, and it doesn't take long to live a year, so that makes me nearly fourteen") Henrietta made notes of her world. She depicts her father, a New York dramatic critic, his pretty wife, her two aunts, one young and one old, her small brother Cyrus, their servant, and their lady-help. None of her efforts are happier than those relating to this last, one Loralissa, named for her father and mother both: his name being Moses Lorenz and hers Melissa. "Moses of course wasn't suitable, so they took part of his last name, and put it with part of Melissa, and there she was. I think it was awfully clever, but Loralissa says English people are clever—they are the only really clever people there are." Loralissa was British to the backbone. "She really is, for she was born in Canada, but her mother came from Montana. Her father was a German, and they went to live in Brooklyn when she was four years old. She says she would love to see London, and I asked her to take me with her when she caught her first glimpse of her native land. . . . She wears eye-glasses on a chain that she tucks over her ear, and the biggest hats I ever saw. She broke the glass globe on the piano-lamp with the brim of her best one—she was dusting the drawing-room with her out-of-door clothes on, because it was her afternoon out, and she had forgotten the dusting till that minute, on account of a letter from her lover. She dusts, and makes the beds, and takes care of Cyrus, and waits on the table; but we know she is a lady, and she says she doesn't mind what she does so long as people know she is a lady—only, of course, nothing menial." Characterisation like this has value, and Henrietta's note-book is full of it; but it never becomes pert or uncanny, and—excellent quality in an American child book—is quite innocent of slang. Space forbids long quotations, and only by such can a flavour of this entertaining book be imparted. So each must read for themselves of Aunt Rebecca's meannesses and mournings, of Aunt Henrietta's volatility, of Cyrus's stolidity, and of the adorable Mr. Fleming. Occasion and opportunity seemed to point towards Henrietta's vocation as the stage. Some very amusing specimens are given of her talent in that direction. But it is open to hope that she will not forego the pen. Henrietta in the teens must be capable of most diverting copy.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Seventy-six (from Oct. 11, 1911, to Jan. 3, 1912) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch," and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.
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THE CLUBMAN

A Suggestion to Lord Haldane.

Lord Haldane has once again assured us that even should an invading army get past our fleet and land 70,000 men on our shores, that army could be dealt with effectually by the men trained to arms who would remain at home when our expeditionary force was out of the country. Lord Roberts, on the other hand, has issued a fresh appeal to the nation for universal service, and declares with the whole weight of his great authority that England under the circumstances I have detailed would not be safe, and that a raid could not be effectively dealt with. If Lord Haldane is quite sure of his facts, he may easily prove his case by putting out of action for a fortnight of manœuvres every man and every animal and every vehicle which would be over seas if the full strength of our expeditionary force were out of the country, and then giving one of our most efficient sailors a chance to land a skeleton force of 70,000 men at some point on our shores he may select—a point which should not be known to the Admiralty or the War Office.

A Real Invasion. When the invasion was discovered, the military authorities would take the measures they would take in real warfare, and the chiefs of our armies and all England would soon know whether the 100,000 Reservists, the Engineers and Artillery, the Yeomanry and the Territorials, in whom Lord Haldane has such sure faith, could be concentrated at once at the danger-point, and whether they



AN ELECTRIC WAITER: ORDERING TWO DRINKS AT THE CRITERION BY PRESSING A BUTTON.

Photograph by G.P.P.

would arrive in the war-zone in that state of preparation which would be necessary to meet and overcome an army of the picked men of a European Power. If this were done, and Lord Roberts and the younger leaders could be satisfied, Lord Haldane would have proved his facts, and the country would be reassured. Unless something of the kind is done, those of us who are, or have been, soldiers must be pardoned if we think that the man with an experience of fighting and organisation for fighting second to none in the world is more likely to be right than a civilian War Minister, who has to think of majorities at elections at the same time that he does his very best to render the Army efficient.

Lord Roberts' Appeal.

Lord Roberts, in his appeal to the country, points out that not only is the Territorial force short of its numbers, and that only 155,300 did, last year, fifteen days' training, but that forty officers and 6703 men were absent from camp this year without leave, and this seems to me a very grave matter. He points out, as a *reductio ad absurdum*, that there is in some quarters a soothing belief that the expeditionary force can be sent abroad at the shortest notice, and yet can stay at home to cover the training of the Territorial forces for the six months during which they are to be trained into efficiency. It is the gossip of military circles that if our expeditionary force were to be dispatched to any point in Europe, it would be necessary for it to reach that point within twelve days of the date of the order to mobilise, or it might just as well stay at home.

The Channel Islands Plan.

The veteran Field-Marshal disclaims any intention to cast any discredit on Lord Haldane's courageous efforts or to depreciate the patriotism of those now serving in the Territorial forces. Indeed, he wishes to supplement the patriotism of the men of the Territorials with the colours by putting pressure on the slackers in order that they also should do their duty for their King and country. In the Channel Islands, when the supply of volunteers for the Militia falls short, a ballot of all the able-bodied men under a certain age in the islands is held, to supply the deficiency. Some modified form of the old Militia Ballot might bring our Territorial Army up to its requisite strength; and though enthusiastic volunteers and unenthusiastic forced men do not mix very well, the question of bringing the Territorial Army up to its full strength is not such a difficult one as the question of giving it a really strong training. I think that training is immensely necessary. If a householder has very valuable things in his house, he is not content only to let loose savage dogs in his garden at night. A watchman moves about inside the house, and the owner puts burglar-alarms on the doors and windows and arms his servants efficiently, and teaches them how to use the arms.

The War Staff of the Navy.

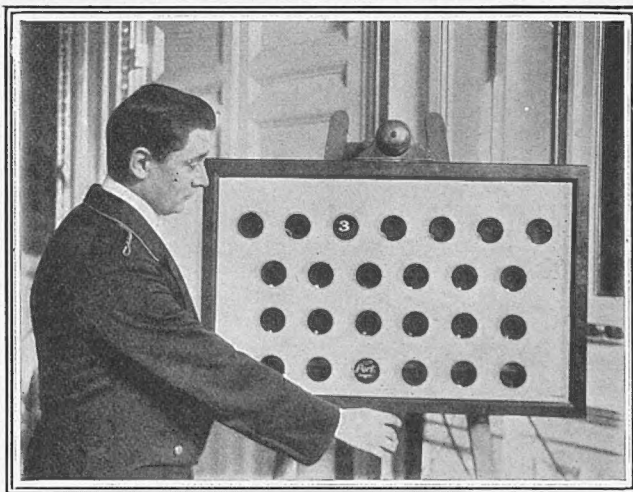
There seems to be only one opinion, and that a favourable one, on the formation of the War Staff for the Navy. The only contrary opinion I have heard came from an old sea-dog who, though the kindest man in the world, always opposes as the devil's advocate, and finds objections to all innovations, solely, I believe, in order to hear



THE RECTOR WHO WAS BORNE IN A COFFIN THROUGH HIS CHURCH: ARCHDEACON COLLEY, WHO IS LEAVING HIS BODY TO BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY FOR DISSECTION.

On Sunday, January 7, Archdeacon Colley, Rector of St. Michael's and All Angels', Stockton, had himself borne in procession, lying in a coffin, at a crowded service in his church, to the amazement of the congregation. He wished to impress them with the truth of the Latin adage, "*Mors janua vitae*" ("Death is the gate of life"), and to rehearse a part of his arrangements for the conveyance of his body, when he dies, to Birmingham University, to which he is bequeathing it for surgical and anatomical purposes.

Photograph by C.N.



"WAITER! THREE GLASSES OF PORT, PLEASE": HOW THE UNSPOKEN MESSAGE REACHES HIM.

A new labour-saving device that will save much shouting and conduce to the greater peacefulness of clubs, hotels, and restaurants has just been introduced at the Criterion. Instead of giving verbal orders for his requirements, the guest simply moves a pointer on a dial opposite to what he wants, and presses a button. The order is then electrically transmitted to the bar, kitchen, or counter, where it is recorded on a signal-board. The upper photograph shows an order being given, and the lower one shows it being received by a waiter.

Photograph by C.N.

everything that is to be said in favour of them. His objection is that the new Operations Division will sit at Whitehall and teach the men afloat how to take their ships into action. I should imagine, though I know little about naval matters, that the Operations Division will deal with sea strategy and not with fighting tactics. Wireless telegraphy, though it is of immense advantage in many ways, must interfere to a certain extent with the initiative of Navy captains, for the commander of every vessel of war is now constantly in touch with his admiral, and every admiral is within speaking distance of the Admiralty.

A Hundred Thousand Pounds' Debt. All London is interested in the record the clocks show which mark the progress made towards paying off the debt of £100,000 incurred in building and furnishing the great club-house of the Y.M.C.A. in Tottenham Court Road. Earl Grey struck a very happy note by his speech during the first day of the campaign to obtain this immense sum. He praised the manliness of the young men who belong to the

Association, combated the idea that there was any cant associated with it, and told how in Canada he had seen an eight of one of the clubs of the Association practising for Henley, where they won a well-deserved victory.



REAR-ADMIRAL TROUBRIDGE'S appointment as Chief of the Naval Staff meets with much wider approval than some Admiralty enterprises. Even Japan will smile and clap its youthful hands, for he is liked in Japanese waters; and Admiral Troubridge, much more than Admiral Togo, regrets the assertion that it was the English sailor who planned the famous night attack on Port Arthur in the Russo-Japanese War. Admiral Troubridge was attached to the Japanese fleet at the time, but, as he is tired of explaining, he was not at the time with Togo, nor responsible for his successes. In another sea-fight a Troubridge did, in fact, look on as a non-combatant. An ancestor of our Rear-Admiral was a prisoner of war on a French boat during an engagement with the English, and had the pleasure of telling his captor how inevitably he would be beaten.

The Mountain and the Mount.

Mr. Chaplin's recovery has been almost as sudden as his fall. When he and his horse go down it is no small matter, for he is built on a large scale, and his mounts are always in proportion. Few men of his age (he is seventy-one)

could have made so slight of such a heavy tumble. His experience, his rock-like nerve and health, and his hardly impaired activity served him well. Stafford House, of infinite capacity, is his London address, and Stafford House is now in the full first bustle of an engagement. Mr. Chaplin has

daughter, it is true, has completed her education; but that can be explained away as a vagary of extreme precociousness. It is only the other day, too, that a caller at Stafford House scribbled—

A vision on a marble stair;
Three little heads of flaxen hair,
A gracious, girlish figure bending
To guide the tiny feet descending, etc.

The figure is still girlish; but one of the flaxen heads has now bowed, in all manliness, before the charming Lady Eileen Butler.



WIFE OF A NEW YEAR KNIGHT: LADY PARSONS AND HER CHILDREN.

Sir Herbert J. F. Parsons is Honorary Colonel of the 3rd Battalion City of London Regiment (Royal Fusiliers), and takes a very keen interest in furthering the success of Lord Haldane's scheme. He is an enthusiast in outdoor sports, chiefly horsemanship, motoring, and golf. His business activities include a directorship of Messrs. Dollond and Co., Government Opticians, and he is one of the proprietors of Phosferine.

hand how many will not soon hide their maiden names in a husband's?

Ministerial Holidays in Detail.

The Government is shy to seem to take its holidays in company. It crosses the Channel, in



AWARDED A ROYAL AERO CHALLENGE CUP: THE HON. MRS. ASSHETON-HARBORD.

Mrs. Assheton-Harbord has won the cup presented by Mr. John Dunville for the longest aggregate distance covered by balloon in three consecutive years. In 1909 she "flew" from Hurlingham to Hagen, Westphalia; in 1910, from England to La Chatre, France; and in 1911, from Pembroke Dock to Witham, Essex.

Photograph by Bassano.

himself been the cause of something of the same sort. He married, forty years ago, the last daughter of the house to make her debut there.



WIFE OF MAJOR-GENERAL STEPHENS, C.B.: MRS. STEPHENS.

Major-General Stephens served in the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny. He was a friend and A.D.C. of the late Duke of Cambridge.



"SHOOTING" THE SNAPSHOTTER: THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL, HIS SISTER, AND HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER, COUNTESS ZIA TORBY, AT CANNES.

Photograph by Fleet.

A Hostess in Herself.

"I know of no other young person who could do her duties so well," wrote Lord Ronald Sutherland-Gower only, as it seems, a year or two ago, of the brilliant and kind hostess of Trentham. In the last year both Trentham and Lord Ronald's fortune have come to earth; but "the young person" is still a person, and still young, and doing her duties to hosts of people. Her

Isaacs quite openly share the hospitality of Sir Harold Harmsworth's villa at Cap Martin; but Mr. Churchill and Mr. Asquith, if they meet them there at all, will meet them as by accident. "The Prime Minister left to-day for the South of France, but there is no foundation for a statement that he is on his way to join the Chancellor of the Exchequer," was the semi-official information provided by one of the P.M.'s staff last Wednesday.



ENGAGED TO MISS EDITH M. REGAN: MR. WILLIAM G. GARDNER.

Mr. Gardner is the British Vice-Consul at New York, an appointment he has held since November 1909. He was born in 1884. In August of 1909 he passed a competitive examination, and in September 1909 was appointed a Vice-Consul in the Consular Service.

Photograph by Pirie Macdonald.

detail, from Dover, in another detail from Folkestone, and in another from Newhaven, and then in all innocence finds itself meeting on the Corniche road. Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Rufus



ENGAGED TO MR. WILLIAM G. GARDNER: MISS EDITH M. REGAN.

Miss Regan is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James B. Regan, of New York.

Photograph by Marceau.

"ŒDIPUS REX" IN THE MAKING: A REINHARDT REHEARSAL.



PREPARING AN ANCIENT GREEK TRAGEDY FOR THE MODERN STAGE: A REHEARSAL OF "ŒDIPUS REX" AT COVENT GARDEN.

Most of those who watch the finished result of a great theatrical enterprise, such as Professor Max Reinhardt's production of "Œdipus Rex" at Covent Garden, have little idea of the labours of organisation and rehearsal that have gone to the making of it. The wonderful part of the production, not to mention the acting, consisted in the transformation of Covent Garden into the semblance of an ancient Greek theatre, the costumes, and the wonderful handling of the Theban multitude. Many people of good position and well-known players took part in this crowd, for the sake of being associated with such a memorable event. In the upper photograph Miss Lillah McCarthy as Jocasta is standing in the portico. In the lower Mr. Martin Harvey is seen seated, in ordinary dress.



By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

WHAT a world of progress this is! News comes from Bogota that alcohol can be made from the pulpy covering of the coffee-bean. Now we shall be able to get our coffee and our little *chasse café* from one and the same useful vegetarian product.

Expert dog-thieves are said to be very busy in the West End just now. These experts don't know much. The tax-gatherers are just now clamouring for the dog-licenses.

FEMININE PHYLLIS.

(Women are becoming more womanly, and are giving up many of the mannish tricks which they have acquired in recent years.)



Phyllis I have looked upon for years as a divinity
In spite of sundry lapses into ways described as mannish,
So I'm glad to be intimated of her return to femininity,
And to learn that very shortly these absurdities will vanish.
For months she's worn one trouser-leg which outlines with temerity
That form divine of which it hides much less than it expresses,
But since I know she's shapely I shall welcome with sincerity
A trifle less publicity and candour in her dresses.

She used to go a-hunting in a costume whose affinity

To breeches was notorious because she rode astraddle,
But now she has abandoned that attempt at masculinity,
And once more has adopted the Victorian side-saddle.
She's shed her beetle-crushing boots whose heels were rudimentary,
And resumed the shoes and stockings which she once described as silly;
But happily it's needless to continue the inventory,
Throughout she'll soon be frivolous and feminine and frilly.

In the good old story-book days, when a trapper stood up to his neck in a river to escape the Red Indians, he always did escape them.

But when a man at St. Neots tried it he was not only captured, but taken to the doctor to have his cold cured. The police don't play the game.

Mr. Martin Duncan, at the London Institution, has been showing us how to mesmerise a lobster. You stroke its back, and then you can pick it up by the tail and stand it on its head.

This seems an out-of-the-way method of mixing a salad.

Sensation-lovers are grumbling that the war between Italy and Turkey is a fraud, and that nothing is being done. Wrong again, pessimists! On the authority of the *Evening News*, it has raised the price of sponges.

Lord Haldane had better catch a Terrier and have him stuffed while there is yet one of them left. Mounted on a stuffed 'bus-horse, he will make a splendid addition to the collection of extinct monsters at South Kensington.

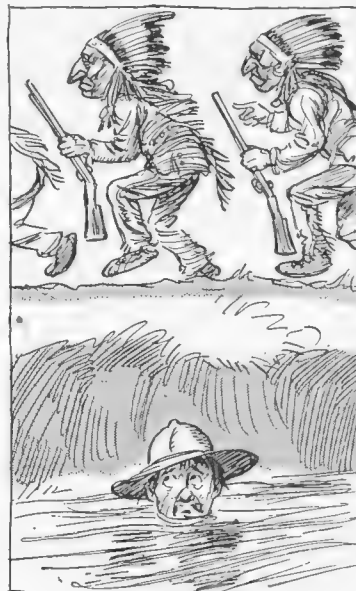
A man in Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania (why do these things always happen in the U.S.A.?), shot £10 in notes, which had been hidden in the barrel of his gun by another man, into a howling dog. Now it is the other man who is howling.

Hints on feeding Suffragettes in prison. Place them in hot water, and they will soon become lively and eat. If this fails, put a bit of meat in the mouth, and then slowly push it down with the handle of a toothbrush. No! Wait a moment. This is a mistake. It is from Dr. Chalmers Mitchell's instructions how to feed young alligators. My mistake.



earth by the great snake which curls all round the edge with its tail in its mouth.

Canewdon, which, I am credibly informed, is in Essex, wants to desecrate the Sabbath by having the handle of the village pump unlocked on that day. Some of the inhabitants will be wanting to wash or drink water next. All the good old customs are passing away.



THE ROC'S EGG.

(Ostrich-eggs are very good to eat, but they take an hour to boil, and are equivalent to at least thirty hens' eggs. Herr Hagenbeck is a great breeder of ostriches.)

Oh, list to my tale, I beg,
I now am a perfect wreck,
Because of that ostrich-egg,
The gift of Herr Hagenbeck.
It took me an hour to boil,
It will take me a month to eat;
Though I'm faint with disgust, I will eat it or bust,
That thirty-one Hen-Power treat!

I began it at breakfast hot,
Now I eat it for breakfast cold:
You'd never believe what a lot

That one blessed egg can hold.
My landlady sometimes prigs
A plentiful whisky-peg,
But I'll bet a new hat neither she nor the cat
Will help with that ostrich-egg!

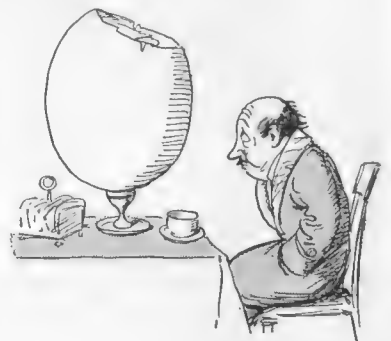
Mr. Charles Saunders is shuddering because the figures of 1912 when added together make 13.

Go a step farther, Mr. Saunders, and add the figures of 13 together; then you need not shudder.

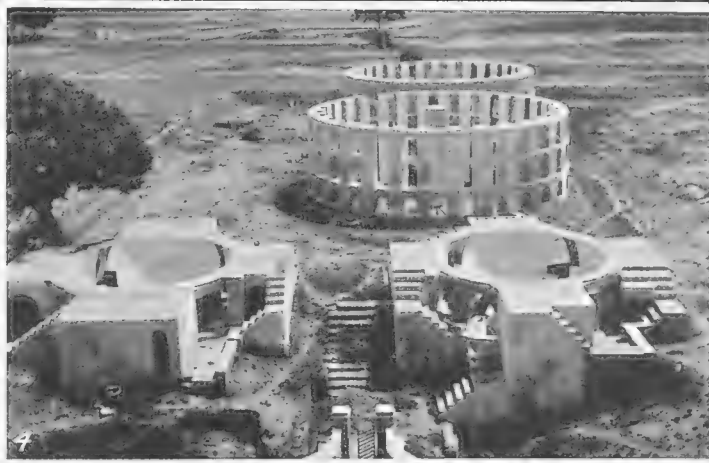
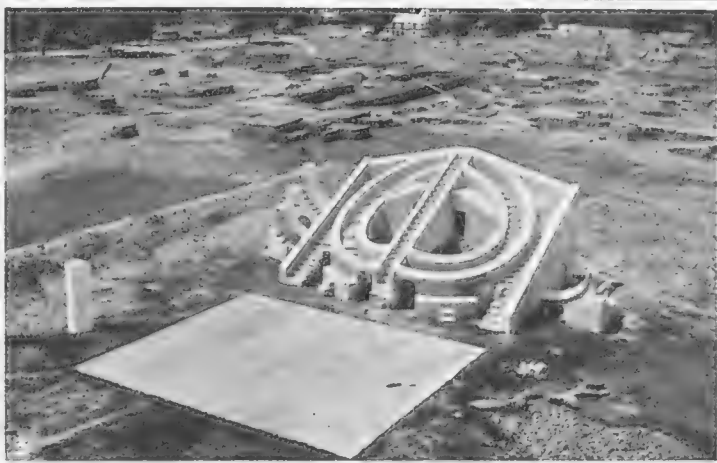
"The whole property teams with historic interest," says a writer of Burford Priory. This comes of too much devotion to football.

Father Odenbach, the astronomer, says that a large part of the United States has been continually tilting towards Canada since 10 a.m. on Christmas Day last. Father Odenbach may profess ignorance of the cause of this; but it is a well-known fact that, if you only wish people a Merry Christmas often enough, the ground will get up and hit you on the back of the head.

It was hardly safe to mention this while the mistletoe was about, but the health authorities of the U.S.A. have discovered that it is quite a mistake to suppose that kisses disseminate the germs of disease. What a lot of reckless valour has gone for nothing during the past few years!



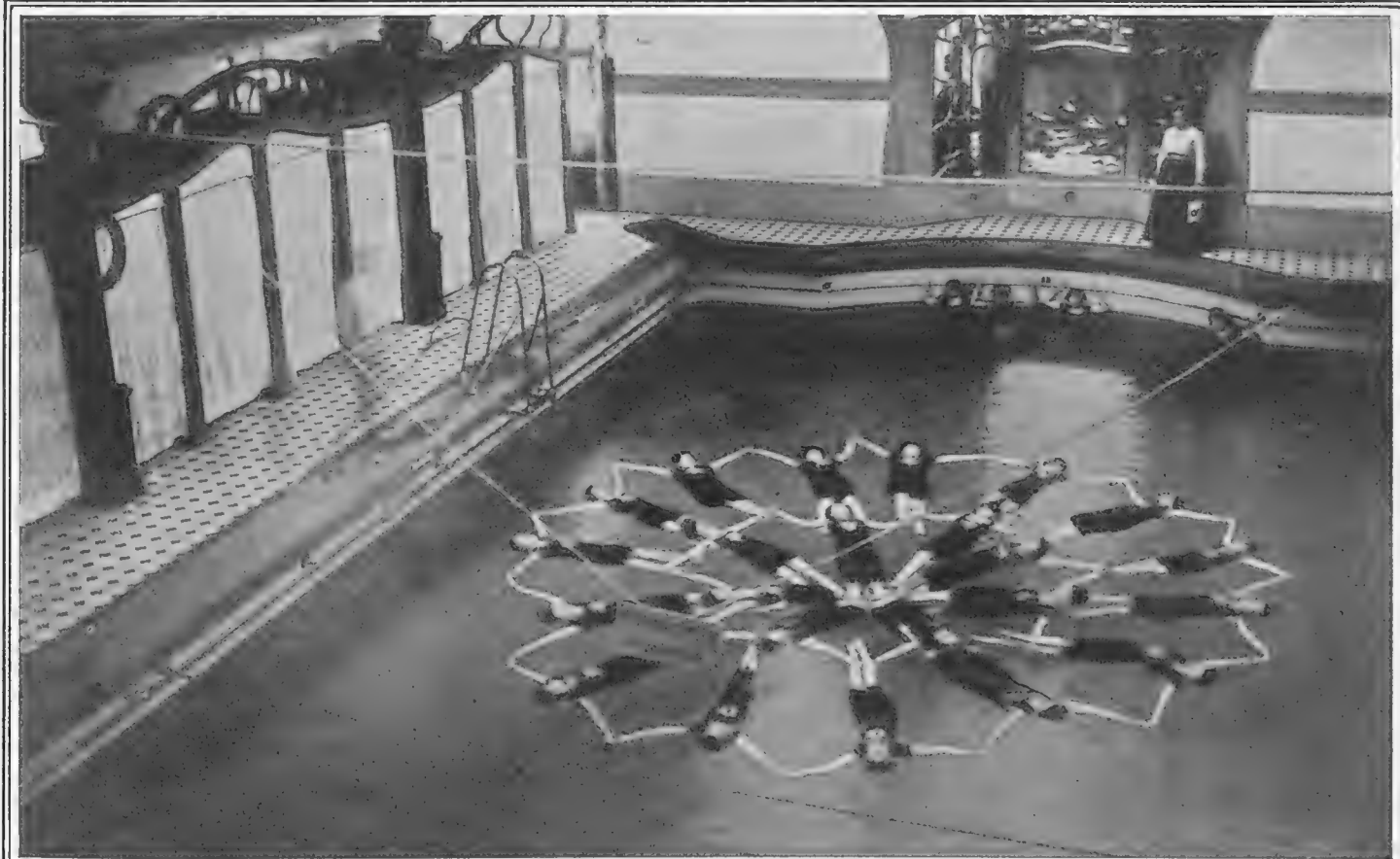
✠ ✠ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ✠ ✠



1. OLD ASTRONOMICAL BUILDINGS AT DELHI: AN INSTRUMENT FOR FINDING TIME AND DECLINATION AND HOUR-ANGLE OF HEAVENLY BODIES.
3. FOR FINDING THE SUN'S DECLINATION BY OBSERVING ITS SHADOW IN CIRCLES: ONE OF THE ANCIENT ASTRONOMICAL INSTRUMENTS AT DELHI.

2. INSTRUMENTS USED BY ANCIENT INDIAN ASTRONOMERS: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE BUILDINGS AT DELHI SHOWN IN NO. 1.
4. LIKE A RUINED COLISEUM: OLD BUILDINGS AT DELHI FOR FINDING THE ALTITUDE AND AZIMUTH OF THE SUN AND OTHER HEAVENLY BODIES.

With regard to these old astronomical buildings at Delhi, we may quote from Sir William Wilson Hunter's interesting book, "The Indian Empire: Its Peoples, History, and Products." "In certain points," he writes, "the Brahmans advanced beyond Greek astronomy. . . . The Muhammadan conquest of India then put a stop to further independent progress. . . . Hindu observers of note arose at rare intervals. In the eighteenth century (1710-1735), Raja Jai Singh II. constructed a set of observatories at his capital, Jaipur, and at Delhi, Benares, Muttra, and Ujjain. . . . His observatory at Benares survives to this day; and elsewhere, his huge astronomical structures testify, by their ruins, to the ambitious character of his observations."—[Photographs by the Record Press.]



LIKE THE FRAMEWORK OF A FIREWORK SET-PIECE! A DISPLAY OF FIGURE FLOATING BY LADY SWIMMERS.

In the swimming-baths at Augsburg a group of lady swimmers recently gave a remarkable display of what might be described as figure floating. In the figure shown in the photograph the swimmers are so linked together that they can hold themselves motionless on the surface of the water. On the occasion when the display was given in public, it was greeted with much applause.



By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

The Year's Drama. The year 1911 cannot be called a great year, but good—decidedly good—and very promising. No new author or player of startling quality has been discovered, but several dramatists have much advanced in reputation, and there are some newcomers of very considerable ability. The greatest

favourite, Mr. Barrie, has been silent, and Sir Arthur Pinero was represented only by "Preserving Mr. Panmure," a clever, slightly painful farce which had no great success. The reputation of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones was not much increased by his rather amusing light comedy, "The Ogre"; both he and Mr. Sutro, in "The Perplexed Husband," which is still running, make an unkind attack on women in a somewhat old-fashioned way. Mr. Maugham's piece, "Loaves and Fishes," is one of his ablest works. Mr. L. N. Parker's farce, "Pomander Walk," deserved by its quaint humours more favour than it received. Mr. Jerome's combative comedy about woman's

Successes.

In addition to the successful works already mentioned is "Kismet," by Mr. Knoblauch, presented by Mr. Asche and Miss Brayton on the same evening as "Fanny's First Play," and still running. More noteworthy is Sir Herbert Tree's really admirable revival of "Macbeth," in which he gave one of the finest of his Shakespearean performances. "A Butterfly on the Wheel" met with substantial favour on its original run, and four of the adaptations—"The Marionettes," "Dad," "The Glad Eye," and "The Lily"—pleased the public, the last-named being a work of considerable merit.

Musical Comedy.

There seems rather a check in the triumphant career of musical comedy. However, "The Count of Luxembourg" has been drawing crowded houses since May, and "The Mousmé," successor to the long-lived "Arcadians," is still enjoying great favour. Into this category one may, perhaps, put Sir Herbert Tree's curious venture, "Orpheus in the Underground," which is said to have been strengthened since the first night, so far as humour is concerned. If this is the case, the piece, aided by its pretty setting and delightful music, seems likely to have a satisfactory fate.

Poetical Drama.

In addition to "Macbeth," at His Majesty's, there have been two Shakespeare seasons given by Miss Neilson-Terry, who presented "As You Like It" for a series of matinées, and "Romeo and Juliet" for a run: the young lady's remarkable talent caused her to delight hosts of playgoers. One of the important events of the year was the presentation for three performances of Mr. Zangwill's drama in verse, "The War God," which has received the highest praise from some eminent critics and is likely to be revived again.

Repertory Theatres and the Clubs.

The Manchester Repertory Theatre, under Miss Horniman, had a short, successful season. The Irish Theatre surprised and delighted London by giving a number of able, interesting plays very finely acted. The Poets' Society presented a beautiful drama by Mr. Maurice Hewlett called "Ariadne in Naxos," whilst excellent subscription performances were given of "Atalanta in Calydon," under the direction of Miss Elsie Fogerty, with Miss Muriel Elliott's admirable music. The Stage Society discovered a dramatist of fine quality in Mr. John Goldie, author of a very clever play called "Business"; and also produced, among other interesting works, "A Married Woman," by Mr. C. B. Fernald, of very considerable merit. "Esther Waters," by George Moore, a clever, uneven work, is also to its credit. The best achievement of "The Play Actors" is "The Hartley Family," a strong play by a very talented new author, Mr. Vincent O'Sullivan.



ENGAGED: MISS GABRIELLE RAY AND MR. ERIC LODER. Miss Gabrielle Ray needs no introduction to readers of the "Sketch"; she is one of the most photographed beauties of the musical-comedy stage. Her fiancé is the son of the late Mr. Alfred Loder, and a nephew of Major Eustace Loder.

Photographs by Bassano and Topical.

rights, called "The Master of Mrs. Chilvers," unfortunately, was so ambiguous that it pleased neither party. "Passers-by" at one time threatened to give Mr. Haddon Chambers the success of the season, and was very highly praised by most of the critics. Apparently one must add Mr. G. B. Shaw to the list of popular playwrights. There was a successful revival of "Arms and the Man"; "Fanny's First Play" has made a big hit; "Man and Superman" is still running gaily.

New Managements. Miss Marie Tempest took the Royalty and presented "The Honeymoon," by Arnold Bennett, one of the ablest and most popular of novelists. Despite the adverse verdict of the critics (this paper and three or four others being in a confident minority) the play caught on at once, and is still "doing big business." An even more notable new management is that of Miss Lillah McCarthy, who has to her credit the production of John Masefield's admirable work "The Witch," excellent revivals of his play "Nan," also of "The Master-BUILDER" and the interesting group of Anatol pieces, and the production in April of "Fanny's First Play," which is still drawing crowds. The management of Mr. Herbert Trench, after the presentation of Mr. McEvoy's clever, curious piece "All that Matters," and Mr. Besier's agreeable comedy "Lady Patricia," came to a sudden ending; Mr. Frederick Harrison took over the Haymarket and began his new career triumphantly with "Buntz Pulls the Strings," a clever farce by Mr. Moffat, a new author.



THE GREAT DICKENS ENTERTAINMENT AT THE COLISEUM: MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS SAIREY GAMP.

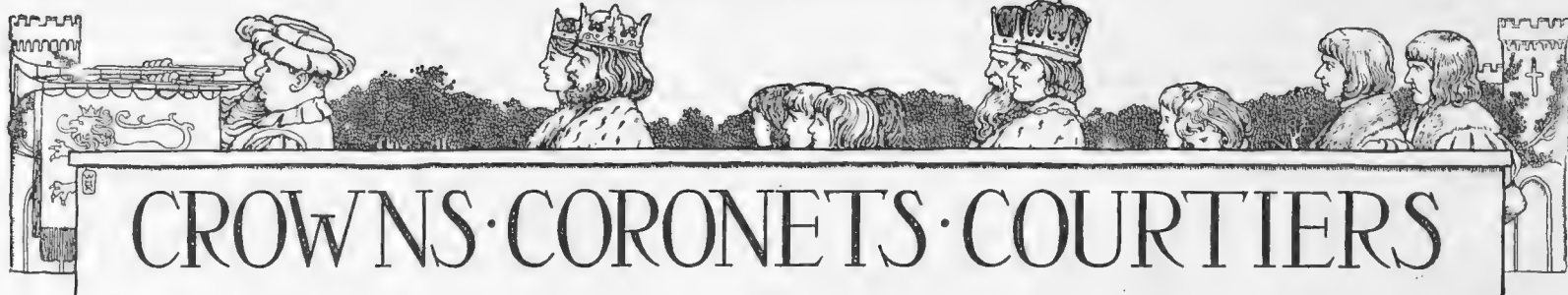
The entertainment was held in honour of the memory of Charles Dickens, and to assist the fund for those of his grandchildren who are in need.

FISHING — PHOTOGRAPHICALLY! WINTER SPORT INDEED!



DRESSED TO KILL: THE MODERN ISAAC WALTON—ACCORDING TO A GERMAN PHOTOGRAPHER!

As we have noted, this photograph of a modern Isaac Walton, garbed for sport, emanates from a German photographer's studio. The frog and the fish are additions of our own.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S

THE KING is bringing much Indian treasure back with him—that is to say, the *Medina* carries on the homeward journey many things which his Majesty, as a collector, regards as rather treasurable. For each thing that is brought home, it may be said, roughly, something has been left behind. The ship's bookshelves, even, have been overhauled. Many a volume went out on its trial, and did not survive the close scrutiny under which it passed during days of dreadful seas. Certain books on Indian history served their purpose before the Durbar, and the encounter with the descendants of innumerable royal Indian houses, and will not be called upon, in these particular editions, again. Of the fiction, since his Majesty is a close follower of such literature, no great clearance need have been made, for the books were not chosen at haphazard. "A good book for a journey, Sir," does not pass as sufficient recommendation in his Majesty's case. Of the rather unexpected volumes, we may mention Wordsworth's poems, George Borrow's "Lavengro," and Sir William Butler's "Memoirs" as indicative of the breadth of the King's taste in serious literature.

To find a wife in America is one of the common-places of England's domestic arrangements; to find a school in America for a son who is half-American is, rather mysteriously, still astonishing. Midshipman, soldier, evangelist, sportsman, cow-puncher, baritone, and exhibitor at the Royal Academy, the Earl of Tankerville has done many things that are very British in a very British manner, and at the same time owes half the essentials of his career to the States. To Chicago he owes a long episode, his connection with Moody; to New York he owes his charming wife; and to his wife, in part, the decision to send Lord Ossulston to a Boston school. Many crude comments have been made as to this decision, among them a series on the subject of corporal punishment. Lady Tankerville's view is as simple as it is sound. American men, she finds, are not lacking in discipline or endurance for the lack of it.

The Alpine winter has been treating the winter-sportsman in Switzerland somewhat shabbily. Latest reports bring word

of snow, but for a week many an English family, intent on exercise, grouped itself at windows watching a fall of rain where snow was wanted. The cold was raw and damp, when it should, according to all precedents, have been dry and brisk. But why so dependent on the weather? Nobody in Grindelwald looked to an austere Viscount of the United Kingdom, or an ascetic Baron to work a miracle; but a certain American may have felt uneasy. Was he doing all that was expected of him? The Polish nobility, in the days of its luxuriousness, could have taught him a lesson. One mid-summer a magnate, with a party at his Poland palace, had exhausted the whole stock of seasonable recreations. Then he bethought him of a sledge drive. Thousands of serfs worked all night, and in the morning the country roads were white. The sledge-party set gaily out over—salt!

Those who care not to wait the whim of the snow in Switzerland, that they may leap and slide for their amusement, should know that there is a new mode of circulating the January blood of the home-stayers. The Winter School of Folk Song and Dance has already outstripped the popularity of the exotic pleasures of a Fabian summer school or a college of caravanning. With Mr. Cecil Sharp for director the whole scheme has been put into swinging working order at Stratford-on-Avon. Pupils have been studying with all the extraordinary vigour demanded even by an "advanced Morris jig," nor has a

fixed programme cooled inept ardour. From 9.30 till 10.30, from 11.30 till 12.30, and from 4.30 till 6.30 they have been actively engaged. Miss Mary Anderson lent them, the other day, the support of her lovely presence, and brought with her from Broadway Sir Aubrey and Lady Dean Paul and Sir John Scott, Mr. Percy Lucas and Miss May Morris being among the dancers. Miss Morris has, of course, no natural right to the title of Morris dancer, save that which her skill earns for her. If her name gave her any special rights in the ancient exercise, then Mr. Sharp's, too, would have a meaning, and his pupils would in that case, of course, understand why his strictures are sometimes so cutting.

ENGAGED TO MAJOR WILLIAM A. ADAM: LADY ANTONIA MAUDE.

Lady Antonia Maude is the youngest daughter of the first and last Earl de Montalt, who was the fourth Viscount Hawarden. She was born in 1864. Among her sisters are Baroness Colchester and Lady Leucha Warner. Major Adam was M.P. (U) for Woolwich during 1910. He is well known as soldier, sportsman, linguist, writer, and politician.

Photograph by Lafayette.



MR. IVOR ANDROS DE LA RUE, WHOSE WEDDING TO MISS LILIAN STEWART WAS FIXED FOR THE 16TH.

Mr. de la Rue is the second son of the late Sir T. Andros de la Rue, Bt. It was arranged that the marriage should take place at St. Paul's, Knights-bridge.



MISS LILIAN STEWART, WHOSE WEDDING TO MR. IVOR ANDROS DE LA RUE WAS FIXED FOR THE 16TH.

Miss Stewart is the elder daughter of the Hon. Fitz-Roy Stewart, brother of the Earl of Galloway. Her mother was a daughter of the late Rev. A. Rogers, and the widow of J. Stanley Thompson.

Photograph by Thomson.



TO MARRY MR. RALPH JOYNSON ON THE 23RD: MISS LILY BURNS O'DOWD.

Mr. Joynson is in the 2nd King's Own Scottish Borderers. Miss O'Dowd was formerly on the stage, on which she was known as Miss Lillian Burns.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]



ENGAGED TO THE HON. NOEL BLIGH: MISS MARY FROST.

Miss Frost is the only daughter of the late Captain G. A. Frost and of Mrs. Frost. Mr. Bligh is the second son of the Earl and Countess of Darnley, and was born in 1888. Educated at Eton, and at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, he was formerly a Lieutenant in the 4th Battalion Rifle Brigade (Prince Consort's Own).

Photograph by Rita Martin.



TO MARRY MISS GRACE CHURCHILL ON THE 18TH: CAPTAIN C. SYMES-THOMPSON.

Captain Symes Thompson, of the Grenadier Guards, is the son of the late Mr. Edmund Symes - Thompson, M.D., F.R.C.P., and of Mrs. Symes-Thompson, of 33, Cavendish Sq.

Photograph by Lafayette.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN C. SYMES - THOMPSON ON THE 18TH: MISS GRACE CHURCHILL.

Miss Churchill is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Churchill, of 5, Mansfield Street, and Waverley Cottage, Weybridge. The wedding is to take place in the Guards' Chapel.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

THE ARUM LILY CLUB: SEQUEL — THE NEW AGE PRISON.

"NIGHTBIRDS," AT THE LYRIC.



1. AFTER DUTY IN THE NEW AGE PRISON: MATTONI (MR. A. W. BASKCOMB) FINDS THAT TO BE A WARDER IS NOT UNALLOYED JOY, AND DECIDES TO GO HOME.
3. AT THE ARUM LILY CLUB: COUNT MAX CLIQUOT (MR. C. H. WORKMAN) AND COUNTESS ROSALINDA CLIQUOT (MISS CONSTANCE DREVER) IN THE WATCH DUET.

2. THE EMOTION-RECORDER: HOCHHEIMER (MR. TOM A. SHALE), COUNT MAX CLIQUOT (MR. C. H. WORKMAN), AND DR. BERNCASLER (MR. CLAUDE FLEMING), TEST THE DEVICE.
4. DURING DUTY IN THE NEW AGE PRISON: MATTONI (MR. A. W. BASKCOMB) SAYS THAT, COMING ON DUTY, MOST OF THE DUTY CAME ON HIM.

"Nightbirds," "The Chocolate Soldier's" successor at the Lyric, is founded on "Die Fledermaus," and is, of course, given with Johann Strauss' world-famous music, plus an interpolation or two from other works by the same master. It tells more especially of the adventures of Count Max Cliquot; the Countess Rosalinda, his wife; and Gabor Szabo, a passionate Hungarian, before Prince Orloffsky's ball at the Arum Lily Club, during the raiding of that club, and in the New Age Prison—a jail run on the great-hotel principle, with all the comforts of home.—[Photographs by C.N.]

KEYNOTES

NOW that the Christmas holidays are a thing of the past, a little of their musical significance can be seen by any who, like the writer, happened to spend the last week of the old year and the first of the new in the heart of the country. In that time I heard four different companies of carol-singers, and I heard the organ played in as many churches by unpaid organists, and, remembering the music and carol-singing of even six or seven years ago, the change seems to be wholly in the direction of improvement. This was particularly noticeable in the case of the young carol-singers recruited from the local choirs. In one widely scattered village the lads failed to cover the whole ground before Christmas, for the weather was bad, and some of the singers who were very young were kept at home by their mothers. So they gave us a taste of their quality one evening after Christmas, and, coming home late, I found the

small company singing from their music by the light of the lanterns they carried, and not only performing very creditably in regard to time and tune, but singing some comparatively new carols. Good King Wenceslas, whose habit of "looking out" has grown a little monotonous in the course of centuries, was not even mentioned. There was something delightfully stolid about these country lads, who filled the ample porch of my friend's house, and kept me waiting to reach the bell until the last line of their carol was sung. Every one of the company had splendid lungs, but when, at the conclusion of their work, I asked them a few questions about their training and practice, they were as dumb as fish. Their singing was quite unaccompanied, and they really seemed to take as much pleasure in their own performance as they did in the reward that was forthcoming. I heard afterwards that the old man with the portable and wheezy harmonium, who used to accompany the lads down to the present year, was in the habit of acting as treasurer and keeping the greater part of the proceeds for himself. This year the victims revolted, by the advice and with the aid of the schoolmistress, and, as the owner of the harmonium refused to come to terms with the rebels, they left him out and gave long hours to practising in the school-house and learning some new carols. Here was enterprise as well as capacity, considering the age of the party.

In another village the local saddler is a violinist, and looks after the carols. He is an enthusiast for old country songs, and the carol-party gave an entertainment that was secular as well as sacred, to the amusement of some and the alarm of others. Here, too, there had been some strenuous rehearsal, and there was some creditable part-singing, the performers being in one or two cases fairly experienced. Judging by the reception given to all the harmless and cheerful entertainments I heard, and the capacity and enthusiasm of the singers,

it seems reasonable to believe that many a village could find a company of young singers to revive the old country songs that have been fading fast beyond knowledge of late years. If one may judge of the countryside by a few personal experiences and what friends have seen and heard, there is ample material for the work. The old men can remember the songs, and among the young ones there are plenty to learn, and in rare instances there may be one who can even take them down. There is a certain appreciation of country songs and folk-music that is of recent but vigorous growth, and in the summer, when the countryside is full of visitors from the towns, a few concerts would, in all probability, be profitable as well as pleasant. It is not only the possible profit that has to be considered: the youngsters would find another outlet for the vocal energy that is divided to-day between the choir-work and the waifs and strays from

the repertory of the barrel-organ and the music-hall. This debased musical currency has filled the countryside too long—there is a call for something better. It is clear that we have in the rural as well as the urban districts a mass of musical energy, but the difference between the two is that the towns encourage and the country neglects it. While there was no initiative outside the urban areas, nothing could be done; now that the country is responding to the force that stirs the towns, there are abundant possibilities before those who have the will and the means to take advantage of them. Nor has the suggestion underlying these remarks any narrow significance; it is for the welfare of the



PURCHASED BY MR. GEORGE EDWARDES: FRANZ LEHAR'S LATEST OPERETTA—A SCENE FROM "EVA"; SHOWING THE COMPOSER IN THE CONDUCTOR'S CHAIR.

Mr. George Edwardes visited Vienna recently to see "Eva," already a great success there. He is to produce it in London on a date not yet fixed.—[Photograph by A. Schert.]

State at large that the attractions of country life to the country lad should be increased, in order that he may not be tempted to the cities because his surroundings are too dull. In all probability, the pageants that have been given in so many country towns in the past year or two are responsible, in part at least, for the revival of interest in music; while the spread of musical education and the advent of capable organists and choirmasters, who give their services to music for little or no reward, are factors that must not be overlooked.

Whatever the cause, there is no doubt about the result. Interest has awakened, and should be encouraged to remain awake, and as carol-singing can only serve for a few nights in the year, an attempt should be made to find an outlet at other seasons for such enthusiasm as may exist. The old country songs of every county will supply splendid material not only for exercise but for the healthy rivalry that makes for strenuous endeavour. Nor is there anything in the procedure that can offend any political or religious views, even in the parishes where the presence of lads whose parents belong to different religious sects is sufficient at present to make authority eye askance even such a harmless pastime as carol-singing.

COMMON CHORD.

THE LIVING SKULL: THE CONQUEROR OF EVERYMAN.

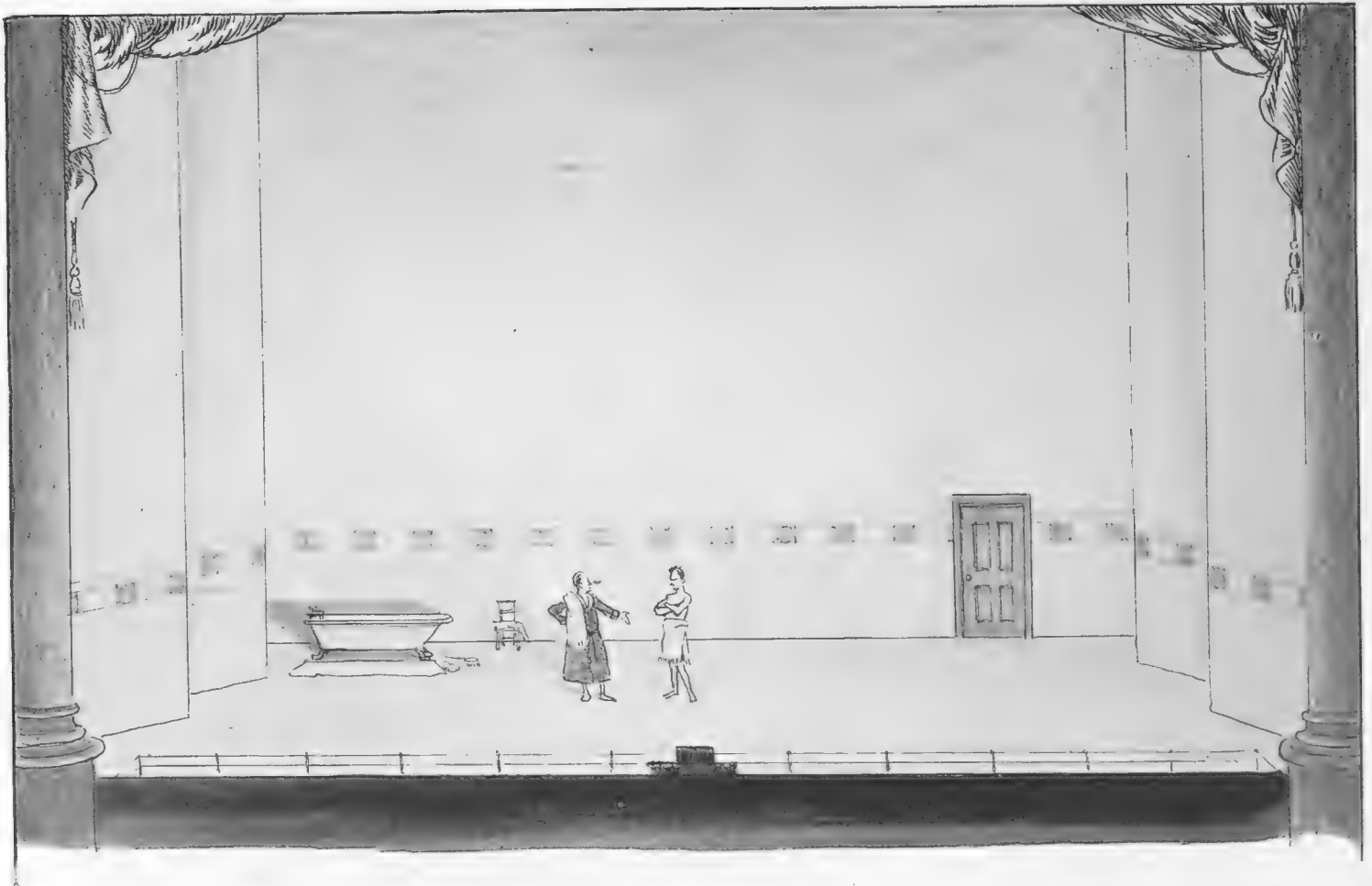


DEATH ON THE STAGE: A REMARKABLE MAKE-UP BY M. J. PÉRIER, IN "LES CONTES D'HOFFMANN"
WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE ACTOR IN PRIVATE LIFE.

From time to time, we have published in "The Sketch" photographs of remarkable make-ups. To these, we now add that of M. Périer as Death in "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," surely one of the best of its kind. It should be understood that the death's head is the result of make-up only: a mask is not worn.

Photographs by Nadar and Reutlinger.

DIFFICULTIES OF FIT: TOURING COMPANY TRIALS.



"AS GIVEN AT THE MINIATURE THEATRE, LONDON": THE BATH-ROOM SCENE FROM "THE MAN WHO TOOK THE WRONG SHAVING-STICK" AS PRESENTED AT THE COLOSSUS THEATRE, BIGPORT.



"AS GIVEN AT THE GIGANTIC, LONDON": THE GREAT DERBY DAY SCENE FROM "DOPED BY DOROTHY" AS PRESENTED AT THE BIJOU THEATRE, PIPTOWN.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

"BE MODEST. USE YOUR ABDOMINAL MUSCLES. END SWIFTLY."



BEGIN
SLOWLY.

SPEAK
DISTINCTLY.



ADDRESS
ALL YOUR
HEARERS.



SPEAK
AUTHORITATIVELY.

FAVOUR
YOUR
DEEP
TONES.



BE
MODEST.



USE
YOUR
ABDOMINAL
MUSCLES.



CONCILIATE
YOUR
OPPONENT.

H. M. BATEMAN. 1911

"DO'S FOR PUBLIC SPEAKERS," BY GRENVILLE KLEISER; FACETIOUS ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. BATEMAN.

Having received "Do's for Public Speakers" from the Public Speaking Club of America, we sent them to Mr. Bateman, with the result here given. The Do's are issued by Mr. Grenville Kleiser, "man-builder, word expert, and manufacturer of public speakers." They are: "Be prepared. Stand up promptly. Begin slowly. Speak distinctly. Address all your hearers. Be uniformly courteous. Prune your sentences. Cultivate mental alertness. Use illustrations which illustrate. Conceal your method. Be scrupulously clear. Feel sure of yourself. Look your audience in the eyes. Be direct. Favour your deep tones. Speak deliberately. Get to your facts. Be modest. Cultivate earnestness. Observe your pauses. Suit the action to the word. Be yourself at your best. Speak fluently. Use your abdominal muscles. Make your speaking attractive. Be conversational. Conciliate your opponent. Rouse yourself. Be logical. Open your mouth. Speak authoritatively. Cultivate sincerity. Cultivate brevity. Cultivate tact. End swiftly."

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



THE MAHARANI OF BARODA ON WOMEN.*

"Render Them Perfect."

When the King-Emperor, with the Queen-Empress by his side, heard at Delhi the Proclamation announcing his Coronation in Westminster Abbey, a number of Indian ladies of high rank witnessed the proceedings through the chinks of cardboard lattice-work painted to resemble fretted stone. Unable in this fashion to see as much as they desired, the more daring of them poked their fingers through the frail construction and tore holes in it: thus, while accepting convention to a degree, they exhibited a fine practical disdain for it. This action of the few was typical of that of the many: all the world over women are tearing away the barriers. In India the native ladies at the Durbar merely gave outward expression to the inward feeling of hosts of their sisters, who agree, as heartily as does the Maharani of Baroda, with Ibsen's dictum, "Women must solve the problems of humanity," and with Sheridan's "Women govern us; let us render them perfect." It is upon this very "Render them perfect" that her Highness builds her faith, sets the foundations of her fair world of the future. Her cry is, educate, educate, and again educate! make efficient, encourage in good and suitable callings, for "many famous men have . . . agreed that it is by the character of its women that the standard of a nation's civilisation is judged." "The education of women," she tells us, "is a cause which the Maharaja of Baroda has particularly at heart. . . . Last April, the Maharaja spoke of the share that the people themselves, and especially the women, must take in their own uplifting, and he emphasised the fact that the training of women was the all-important object after which to strive. He said: 'Our only weapon is education—education of women, because it is their part to influence home-life and to fashion future generations.'"

Woman's Brain. To the questions "Is woman equal to the efforts required of her? Is she mentally and physically capable of profiting by an education as wide as that given to man?" she makes eloquent answer. "Here the women of India, if the experience of their own clever countrywomen be insufficient for them, may accept certain of the conclusions arrived at regarding their sex in Europe and America. . . . Woman's brain is not proportionately smaller than man's at birth, and observations among races at a low stage of civilisation show that the female brain differs in size and weight far less from that of the male than it does among nations of higher culture, the deducible conclusion being that the long centuries of carelessness and ignorance through which woman has passed may have prevented the normal evolution of her mental faculties. Though the average female brain is actually smaller than that of the male, yet, if it be compared with the total weight of the body, the female brain will be found relatively heavier." Further, she cites numerous instances of the powers of her sex, mentioning many famed in Europe, Asia, and America. Naturally, she deals most fully with Asia, demonstrating that it has produced many women with ability to lead and to rule. "In early ages," she points out, "the Musalman woman of Arabia was permitted equal instruction with men. . . . The Prophet's own women-folk were very far from leading lives of idle seclusion. On the contrary, they were allowed great freedom. His

first wife, Khadija, shared the changes and chances of his career for twenty-five years, and, after her death, Ayesha, his young wife, took part as an active combatant at the 'Battle of the Camel.' His daughter Fatima gained high distinction in political debate. His granddaughter Zainab was noted for her attainments both in public and private life. A life of empty idleness was no part of the Prophet's scheme of feminine existence. Moslem women held positions as sovereigns, teachers, theologians, and superintendents of religious communities, and, like Hindu women, were famous for learning, eloquence, and capacity to impart instruction."



ADVOCATE OF HER SEX'S ADVANCEMENT: THE MAHARANI OF BARODA, WHO, WITH MR. S. M. MITRA, HAS WRITTEN "THE POSITION OF WOMEN IN INDIAN LIFE."

Reproduced from the Book by Courtesy of the Authors and of the Publishers, Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.

Beware Too Literary an Education!

Dozens of concrete cases are quoted to bear out the Maharani's belief that the women of the future may well look to the women of the past for guidance and inspiration. "In the ancient literature of India, dating from centuries before European culture began, in the great epics of the Ramayana and Mahabharata, woman took distinguished part in her husband's work, aiding him with her love and counsel, accompanying him, like Sita and Draupadi, even into exile. She shared in the public ceremonies, and was accorded the highest rank and dignity. . . . Neither should we omit to recall the fact that, in ancient India, the laws of Manu and of other Hindu law-givers touching women's property rights, known as 'Stridhana,' though introduced about two thousand years ago, have hardly yet been excelled by any laws in any country in the West." Then comes a word of warning: "Beware of too literary an education! In Europe, many women have directed their energies so zealously to the intellectual side that the practical part of life is in danger of being neglected, and the result is the overcrowding of certain careers. There are many manual occupations affording light, pleasant, skilled employment for women . . . which at present are disregarded in favour of exclusively mental pursuits. . . . Till lately, the fault in the average higher education of Englishwomen has been its unpractical nature, its failure to inculcate the organising spirit. . . ."

The Arts and Crafts.

For the rest, it should be said that the Maharani and Mr. Mitra are essentially helpful in the book under notice, which cannot but be of considerable and lasting value. They are not content with defining the positions of women of the past and of the present, but, in addition, make every endeavour to inform and assist her who, living to-day, may yet be the woman of the future. All sorts and conditions of employment come under ample consideration, from such arts and crafts as decorating, furnishing, enamelling, gardening, cooking, and silk-weaving, to money-lending and acting as marriage agent. Of the last two callings, it is said of the first, "Statistics show that there are about 420,000 money-lenders and bankers in India, of whom 17·4 per cent. are women"; of the second: "The illiterate Ghataki (female negotiator of Hindu marriages) has fairly ousted her male rival (Ghatak) by taking advantage of the purda system at Calcutta. The Ghataki now brings about more Hindu matrimonial alliances at the Indian capital than the Ghatak, who, until twenty years ago, had held for centuries the monopoly as agent of Cupid. If this proves anything, it shows that there is ample room for all sorts of women-workers behind the purda."

* "The Position of Women in Indian Life." By Her Highness the Maharani of Baroda and S. M. Mitra. (Longmans, Green. 5s. net.)

THE UNABLE SEAMAN.



THE OFFICER (*to Stoker reported for insubordination, who has refused to enter the swimming-bath*): And what have you got to say for yourself?

THE STOKER: Please, Sir, I've only bin in the Navy three days. The first day the doctor drewed two o' me teeth; the second day I were vaccinated; and now a petty officer 'e says, "Come along—we're a-goin' ter drown yer!"

DRAWN BY TONY SARG



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE DEATH OF DEERFOOT.

By H. GRAHAME RICHARDS.

BECAUSE his father had died from a wound in the back, which is the most dishonourable death a Powhatan brave can suffer, and because, whilst still a child, he proved himself to be the fleetest in the tribe, they named him in scorn and derision The Coyote. At first, in those days when he was of less importance to the world than even the camp-dogs, life was not easy for him. The squaw, his mother, died when he was eight years of age, and after that he lived on the outskirts of the camp, stealthily seeking his food by night. It was better, he found, to suffer ostracism than to live amid the tents where every brave had a blow for him, every child a stinging word, and where the squaws beat him cruelly if they found him stealing from the dogs. So, with the sin of his father heavy upon him, he followed his kind, living by fighting the wolves like the dogs for what the braves left after a great hunt; and that was the school in which Deerfoot was trained.

It was not so bad when the sun was warm, and the buffalo came stampeding south to the salt lick. There was plenty and to spare then for all, including the dogs. But when the land was icebound and the snow deep and famine was abroad, and inside the tattered tepees squaws and children sat huddled together shivering in hunger and misery, then life became a struggle. In seasons such as those the boy learned to run down famished dogs—they do not move slowly—that he might steal a bone from them. If he had to kill the dog it was so much the better, for many days passed before he went hungry again. It was a dangerous thing to do, however, for to kill a brave's dog, when his own life was held to be of less importance than a dog's, might well mean death for him. Still, he lived and thrived.

Consider his training, his fight for existence, and it is not surprising that at sixteen he was as hard as steel, swifter on his feet than the fastest horse, cunning as any fox. The iron of long-continued misfortune and suffering was deep in his soul, too. Those who had been babies with him had by this time blooded their men, and were full-blown braves claiming squaws for themselves. There was no squaw for The Coyote; in those tepees of the Powhatans there was not a maid but who regarded him with biting scorn. The boy, heavy-hearted, pondered these things, and his thoughts made him older than his years, and at last there came to him resolution—that it was for him to wipe away his father's disgrace, and that he would do so even at the cost of his own life. When he had come to that resolution, he found himself happier for having an object in life, and set himself to wait patiently an opportunity. Duly it was granted him.

Times were bad indeed for the Powhatans. Again and again their deadliest foes, the Hurons, had raided and vanquished them. Worse was yet to come. Led one night by the great Grey Wolf, the Hurons crossed the Two Doves River, and bore right into the heart of the Powhatan encampment. They went back heavy-laden with scalps and bearing away half the children of the Powhatans. It was almost final disaster. Another such attack and the tribe of the Powhatans would be exterminated. In haste the Council Fire was lighted and the chiefs convened. The Medicine Men urged instant pursuit. When the dawn flooded the eastern sky with crimson and gold, the tepees were deserted but for women, and every Powhatan brave, in the savagery of full war-paint, was riding at speed for the Two Doves River. From far behind The Coyote kept them in sight with ease.

Three days later the surviving braves returned, riding listlessly, disheartened and demoralised. Grey Wolf had again proved too much for them; "the Spirit of Evil protected him," the shadow of dark fate gloomed their hearts. When, that night, the Medicine Men came to the Council Fire to deliver their decision, The Coyote was hidden in the background where he could see and hear. The perfumed cedar was flung into the flames, and the oracle pronounced.

"The Gods have spoken, saying that whilst the Grey Wolf, in

whom dwells the spirit of the Great Evil One himself, lives, calamity and disaster shall not pass from the tents of the children of Powhatan. So from among you one must journey into the plains of the Hurons, and send this Grey Wolf to rest for ever with his fathers. These are the words of the Gods. Let those who are prepared for this high destiny stand forth."

But none of the braves stood forth; Grey Wolf had made water of their hearts. There was a long silence before the Medicine Man again spoke, hurling denunciations at them, under cover of which The Coyote stole noiselessly into the outer darkness. Clear of the camp, he rose upright and stood motionless, looking back. His eyes were bright in the darkness; great resolution was surging in him; every whisper of the night winds urged him on. Finally he turned, glanced up at the millions of stars blinking down upon him, and set off at a run. The Coyote was responding to the voices of the winds.

All through the night he ran, crushing the bunch grasses and purple moose-blossoms beneath untiring feet. The sun, peeping above the horizon and turning the brown world to orange, saw him still flitting, a grey shadow, over the gaillardias and daisies. At noon he came to the Pack Dogs Ford, on the Two Doves River, and he concealed himself in a coulée until darkness fell. While the next dawn was still young, he came to a halt behind a boulder, and, lying motionless, full extended, looked down into the Huron camp below.

All through that day he lay there as though carved in stone, his chin upon his knuckles, waiting and watching the Grey Wolf's tepee fringed with scalps innumerable. When the shadows were lengthening and the purple mists rising, he held his knife so that the sun's last ray might kiss it, for in the sun dwelt a great spirit. Afterwards he set himself to wait again.

The Huron camp was still, the night silent, when through the blackness ahead, the Coyote perceived the dark form of a brave. Almost he had stumbled into a sentinel. Back he wormed his way, moving quickly but noiselessly, with the ease of one able to stalk a deer to within striking distance, and soon he was safely among the tepees, worming his way into one of them wherein slept the Grey Wolf. Once inside, he crouched listening to the deep breathing of the redoubtable chief, before he stole inch by inch over the buffalo-skin-covered floor until the sleeper's breath was hot in his face. Light as thistledown his fingers went to discover a striking place, and swift as lightning the Coyote struck. Grey Wolf died before he could awaken. In less than half a minute, the boy, with a scalp in his hand now, was stealing from the tent. As he was creeping beneath the flap, his arm struck something soft and warm, something that instantly yelled aloud in terror. The Coyote clutched it to him, and sped away between the tepees swift as the wind. With the shrieking child beneath his arm The Coyote was fleeing over the plains before the alarm was properly taken, laughing aloud in triumphant glee. He was mad with victory, his blood thrilling in his veins. He bore both the scalp and the favourite daughter of the great Grey Wolf, and the disgrace of his father was wiped away!

A day and a half later, blinded with exhaustion, shivering as from ague in every muscle, The Coyote reeled into the arms of the braves who came running to meet him.

"I bring you the scalp of the great Grey Wolf, and his daughter," he gasped chokingly, and collapsed unconscious.

And that is how he won for himself the name of Deerfoot.

II.

Pariah, outcast, less than a dog in childhood; greatest of braves and hunters, then greatest of chiefs, well beloved of Lily of the Night, who had been Grey Wolf's daughter, in manhood—such is Deerfoot's story.

Many things he did single-handed by night; but they made him a chief, young as he was, when he led the Hurons into the direct

[Continued overleaf.]

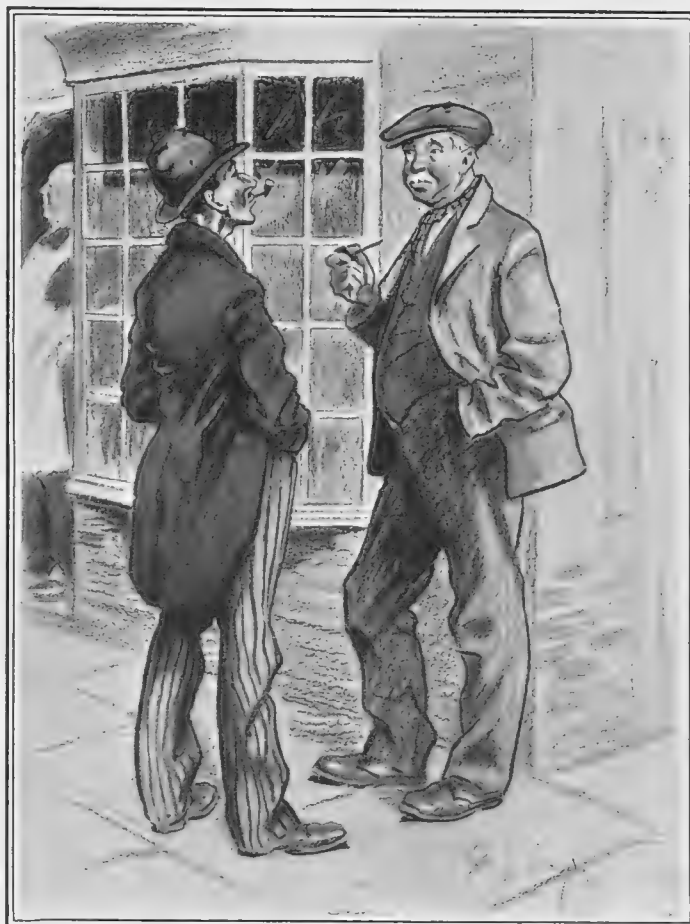
THREE OF THEM !



THE SENTIMENTAL CUSS: How can I ever repay you, Miss de Smyth, for the ripping waltz we've just had?

THE PRACTICAL PUSS: I think the simplest way would be just to settle with my dressmaker.

DRAWN BY HARRY LOW.



THE MAN IN THE CAP: Hello, Bill! Hear you're on strike.

THE MAN IN THE HAT: Yes.

THE MAN IN THE CAP: What yer on strike for?

THE MAN IN THE HAT: Dunno; but we're not going back to work till we get it!

DRAWN BY GEO. S. DIXON.



MRS. DIBBS: Yus, yer take it back, young feller. W'y, my 'usban' seen a pictcher uv a horchid, an' *that* ain't even *like* one—so just 'and over my penny!

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.

line of the buffalo stampede for the salt lick. This was his achievement.

The Hurons discovered him stealing through their camp one night, and gave him chase. There was not a Huron but would have died to gain his scalp. So all that night and the next day and the next night three-fourths of the tribe hunted him on the northern trail, giving him no rest, running their horses to death. When at last they camped, Deerfoot rested on a ridge surmounting a plain and chewed pemmican. Miles behind were the Hurons; before him, thousands and thousands of grazing buffaloes. Deerfoot observed that the enormous herd was restless, that it grazed fitfully, that some irresistible impulse drove it southwards. Deerfoot studied the sun, the smoke-streak betokening the Huron camp, and drew a diagram on the earth with his knife. The herd, on the run, would cover more than a mile's breadth. Deerfoot lay waiting, watching.

The cause of the restlessness manifested by the buffaloes was this: Once in the year the buffalo, like the northern deer, hungers for salt. In the grip of that hunger the leader of the herd becomes uneasy, forgets to feed, snuffing ever towards where, perhaps a hundred or even two hundred miles away, it knows the sea or salt lakes are. Then suddenly, followed by the herd, it stampedes, straight as the crow flies, for the salt, and woe betide anything animate that gets in the way! As the weaker fall in that long, southward race, a thousand hoofs stamp the life from them, leaving them with bones crushed to splinters, mere dark blots pounded into the land. Neither fire nor water nor an army of men could turn aside those thousands of hunger-maddened beasts when they race for the salt. And none knew this better than Deerfoot.

When the softness of twilight was on the land, he suddenly appeared no more than half a mile to the south of the Huron camp. The alarm was raised, and once more the jaded braves mounted their jaded horses and gave chase. Deerfoot waited until they were almost within arrow-distance before he commenced to run, and maintained the space between them, bearing always to the south-east. So for miles he led them, until the twilight was changing to darkness. Then he faced them, sounded the Powhatan war-cry, turned and vanished fleet as a deer. The disheartened Hurons, knowing they had been tricked, dismounted, spread their blankets, and rested for the night.

The first streaks of dawn were fighting the eastern mist when there sounded a rumble as of distant thunder. The stampede had started. There was no movement among the Hurons until the ground was vibrating as with an earthquake. Then they rushed for their shivering horses, but too late. The foaming, raging herd, numbering thousands, went over them, men and horses, without pause, and swept on at a fearful speed for the lick. And where the Hurons had been the plain was dark and wet, littered with the broken, mangled bodies of horses and men.

Deerfoot went back to the tepees of the Powhatans.

They apotheosised him for that deed, his tribe, and made him chief. But his greater pleasure was when, far from the camp, he retold the adventure to Lily of the Night, beneath the moonlight, while she thrilled in his arms. Very tall and slender and beautiful she was, with music in her motion and deeply dark eyes. Her single heart knew one passion only, and that was adoration of Deerfoot, who, surely the greatest of all men as he was, had for ten years past been slave of her slightest whim. She heard him in silence, and then—

"The wise men speak truly when they say that never so great a warrior as Deerfoot lived before," she said gently. "But, O my heart, I am afraid when you go alone on these expeditions. For death might come to you, and your spirit go to enter the golden eagles which, favoured of the Gods, live for ever in the Unknown Mountains. And how, then, could the Lily of the Night live without Deerfoot, for whom alone she lives?"

He laughingly reassured her, and bade her tell him her thoughts whilst he was away.

"Always they were of you, Deerfoot—and one other thing," she answered softly. "Many, many long moons ago, you promised one day to tell me the meaning of the wolf which is marked on the flesh of my wrist. I have wondered much what it could mean."

Then Deerfoot, unwise in victory, told how once he had been less than the dogs of the Powhatans, and how he had killed her father, the great Grey Wolf, and stolen her in the night. She heard him without moving a muscle, and afterwards there was a long silence.

"So that I am not of your blood, Deerfoot; not of the Powhatans, but a child of the hated Hurons?" she questioned.

He assented, and again there was silence.

"You have killed many, many Huron braves, have you not, Deerfoot?" she whispered after a time.

"And will kill many more, if the gods so will it, before I go to hunt with the golden eagles in the Unknown Mountains. But shall that turn from me the heart of the Lily of the Night?" he asked.

"That now could never be, O my heart!" she murmured, and caressed him passionately. Then she swiftly went from him away into the darkness. For her there was no sleep. She walked far, her eyes large and wild. "I am the daughter of the great Grey Wolf, whose unsleeping spirit watches me in light and darkness, and sees me living in peace and contentment in the wigwams of those who were his enemies," she repeated aloud to herself again and again, fighting her fight with hands hard-clenched. When at last she lay down to rest, she pondered her love for Deerfoot, and the tears were wet on her cheeks in the gloom. Where, she asked the Great Spirit, did her duty lie? And the Great Spirit was silent.

The Medicine Men had said the Hurons would never lift their bruised heads from the soil again. The Medicine Men were wrong. Only a month had Lily of the Night been Deerfoot's squaw, stifling her conscience in her great love for him, when all that was left of the Hurons made a last desperate venture and raided the Powhatans by night. The massacre was fierce, cruel, unsparing. Lily of the Night lay on the ground in Deerfoot's wigwam, trembling and watching, with the blood cold in her veins. Silence fell again at last for her relief.

In the stillness of the before dawn she crept over the field of battle. Everywhere lay the twisted, crumpled bodies of brave, grim-faced men who had preferred death to dishonour. These were the last of the Hurons—those who had escaped counted no longer. Their fathers had fought along with hers; they had been children with her in the days when there was no tribe in the land so powerful as the Hurons. Was their blood not hers? And now—!

Great sobs rent her breast as she stood and looked. The chinook wind came cold from the frowning mountains, whispering to her as it swept through the silver wolf-willow and the bunch-grasses. The spirit of her father, the Grey Wolf, was abroad, knowing no rest, because she lived happily in the wigwams of the Powhatans! She shivered, covering her beautiful face with her hands at the horror of her thoughts. And still a thousand voices whispered with increasing insistency. Suddenly she turned and glided back into the tepee where Deerfoot slept, where she had learned all love's greatest happinesses. Soon she reappeared, bearing something in her hands, her eyes awful, her lips livid, and sped away to the north, a grey shadow going through the greyness.

Unresting by day or night, she travelled until she came to the valley where the shattered Hurons had raised their tents. In the noontide, under the trees, a Medicine Man was burning split twigs and invoking the gods for guidance. Silently she held forth her arm, exposing the wrist that he might see.

"The daughter of the Grey Wolf," observed the wise man impassively. "You have stayed long from us."

"But I return bringing that which is welcome," she answered. It seemed as though the life in her was frozen, so cold and steady was her voice. What she had carried she raised and pressed to her lips before she flung it at his feet.

The Medicine Man trembled with eagerness. "It is the scalp of—?"

"Deerfoot!" she said.

"Who, then, has sent him to rest with his fathers?" cried the shaking old man.

Again she held forth her wrist. "I was the beloved of Deerfoot; but I am the daughter of Grey Wolf. As my father, the Grey Wolf, died, so died Deerfoot."

The Medicine Man's shriek of triumph brought the braves rushing from the camp. She saw them coming and turned to go.

"Where would you go, my daughter?" he asked.

She paused a moment, her weary eyes growing bright, a wonderful light irradiating her face.

"Deerfoot was a great warrior, O father! and I was the beloved of Deerfoot, even as he was heart of my heart, light of my life. And he will rest, father, with the golden eagles on the Unknown Mountains, which lie in the Shadow of the Great Spirit. So, I journey to the Unknown Mountains, where he, understanding, will be awaiting me."

She turned again, and sped over the prairie grass, going never to return. And perhaps when, many days later, the Lily of the Night lay down at last to sleep in the shadow of those far-off mountains, so steep and inaccessible that they were called the Unknown, her spirit went forth to find joy for ever in the forgiveness of Deerfoot, greatest of all Powhatan chiefs and braves.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

A Final of the Fancy.

When we are nearing the end of an old year we seem merely to be drawing farther and farther away from the great events of the last season—the championships and all the other great occasions which it embraced; but as soon as we turn the corner and make a good start with another year, those old events are chucked away on to the piled-up heap of history and are little more discussed, while now



LEAVING SCHOOL FOR WORK IN THE MARKET GARDEN.

we seem to be drawing nearer and nearer to the great events of the new season. I have always noticed that as soon as we get into January the talk about the next batch of championships, by those who are interested in them, begins to warm up very much. Before long you will hear some early prophet chirping out a little prediction about what will happen in the amateur event at Westward Ho! Probably he will say that it is time a new man, and perhaps a young one, should win, and will do so. With such a large entry, and so much depending on chance, it does seem always that this is the most likely thing to happen, and most of us have been prophesying it year by year, and constantly made to look foolish. Fancy tipping "new" men any more, when the last three amateur champions have been Maxwell, Ball, and Hilton, each one an old-timer and a champion before. Still, Westward Ho! is a new championship course, and one feels uncertain, somehow, as to what will happen there. I suppose that many would agree that the very finest and most magnificent thing that could happen would be for one of the Americans who are coming along to get into the final against an Englishman, the latter, having been two down with three to play, winning the match by carrying the ditch at the last hole, with his second against a strong head wind, and then holing a fine putt for a three. That is how, if we were Fate, we would arrange things in the dramatic style for the first week in June.

As to Muirfield. But I have previously said enough about Westward Ho! and the fact is that talks and arguments and even some violent altercations just now are hinged on to Muirfield, where the Open Championship is to take place a little while after the other. The people who rule this event have invented a new system for deciding it, which has met with severe criticism chiefly because of its length and tediousness, and now it is being said that the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers have made matters somewhat worse by determining that half the business shall be done towards the end of one week, and the other half in the early days of the one that follows, leaving the competitors to hang about and do nothing as best they can over the week end. This Honourable Company, you must understand, is the very distinguished and dignified club of most splendid traditions to whom the Muirfield course belongs, and consequently it has special rights and privileges in regard to the arrangements for the event. The circumstances naturally lead us on at this stage to a

consideration again of the good points and the bad ones of this Muirfield. Whenever I set out to write about this course, which is in the heart of one of the most glorious golfing countries imaginable, I try to remember that, for some reason which is not altogether clear, there is a certain kind of prejudice against the place, and some things are said against it which are not at all deserved. It is true that it is plain and flat, and there are not so many strong features on it as there are on some other courses. Yet, for all that, Muirfield has some very good points. It is really a first-class testing course, and several of the holes call for as good second shots as anyone can play, and that is a fine quality in these days. You may always be satisfied that the man who wins a prize at Muirfield is worthy of it.

Some Great Occasions.

But the best thing about Muirfield from the visitor's point of view is that somehow it does always provide us with a thoroughly interesting championship, and I have faith in it to do so again next June, despite the system and the arrangements. When the amateur event was last played there, three years ago, there was the best final that has ever taken place since Mr. Ball beat the late Fred Tait at Prestwick just before they both went out to the war. Mr. Maxwell and Captain Hutchison were the finalists in 1909, and the former won by a putt on the 36th green. Then Mr. Hilton won his first Open Championship there, and James Braid, too, and

the latter won another the last time that the title was played for there, the "triumvirate" on that occasion occupying the first three places. But something nearly happened at Muirfield once which, had it gone through properly, might have made this one of the most cherished of courses. In a year when he was amateur champion, Fred Tait, of beloved memory, came near to winning the Open there. For two months previous to this competition he had been in great form, winning thirty-four matches and only losing six. He played well at Muirfield, but with



THE HANGER HILL GOLF CLUB'S CADDIES AT WORK IN THE FIELDS.



TEACHING THE CADDIES THE RIGHT WAY OF PLANTING.

AIDING THE CADDIE: THE HANGER HILL GOLF CLUB'S SCHOOL OF EDUCATION AND GARDENING.

The Hanger Hill Golf Club is aiding caddies in most practical fashion by running for their benefit a school of education and gardening. The caddies are being trained for Colonial life by an expert Colonial and English gardener. They are also taught reading, writing, etc. The school and market garden is worked by a committee consisting of four members, one of whom is Mr. E. A. Collins, captain of the golf club, and originator of the scheme. There are two and three-quarter acres of market garden under cultivation. The scheme has been so successful that another acre will be added this year. The produce of the garden is sold to the club house and members. The profits are divided among the caddies.

Photographs by Sport and General.

poor fortune. Concerning his last round he wrote in his diary: "Started knowing that 74 was required, and would have done it but for bad luck at the sixteenth hole. Played a splendid game from start to finish; but the long putts would not go in. Taylor and Vardon tie for first, 316; W. Fernie and Self, third, 319.

FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

MONS MARTYRUM.

By MARTHE TROLY - CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

SUPPOSE one day history should repeat itself, suppose Paris should be besieged, taken, occupied, Teutonised, do you know who would be the sorriest of all? The Londoner. He would feel like the little boy who has been robbed of his cigarettes. No little boy really likes cigarettes; but he loves smoking them, and being seen, legs apart, hands in pockets, and cigarette between his lips. The Londoner does not really like Montmartre; but he likes going there, being there, coming back from there, telling—with many winks, retrospective smiles, and lingering "By Joves!"—all about there, and even more than there was, to other goodly perverse Londoners, when the ladies have left the table. The soul of Montmartre is temperamentally abhorrent to the Englishman. It is an old, tired, flabby, wrinkled, empty, pitiful soul, which I imagine like a deflated balloon. Once upon a time, before we,

the nice, fastidious, young people, were born, that balloon may have been full, light, lustrous, vivid, with a capacity for exploding. Legend says it was indeed so. But how can one see it as such now, unless one looks backward?—and revelry is the only thing one cannot look backward at. Past revels are like cold pancakes. The gaiety of Mont-

stones of a somnolent street of the provinces, but if a taxicab is not an improvement, merely a vehicle of destruction, to—Montmartre with it!

And those are the things which make an Englishman lick his lips after saying "Montmartre"—things that would apoplexise him if he suffered from them in London. The whole fabric of Montmartre is woven with the Englishman's best aversions (the Englishman at home and in his senses)—cheap female labour, cruelty to animals, white slave traffic, food adulteration, child labour (and what labour!), insanitation, discomfort, dirt, and vulgarity. This is Montmartre as you like it! If a Londoner has a speck of dust on the collar of his coat, he will feel almost dishonoured as a citizen, but he will sit at a café of the Place Pigalle, and receive in his bock the dust of a bedroom carpet shaken through the window above, and drink it with delectation. Montmartre dust—holy relics.

To me Montmartre is sinister, from the tolling in its name to the colour of its Moulin. Perhaps it is all most unreasonable; perhaps I am prejudiced, and it is in me the horror of Montmartre lies; perhaps I passed through the Rue des Martyrs in a jolting cart once upon a dreadful time, and my new head, fast on my new shoulders, fears it is going to remember; perhaps . . .

Montmartre is the sensational, gaudy cover of a French story-book—it's only paper-deep—but the book is the cheaper for it. It shows a mill where no corn is ground, and girls' faces with old eyes. The spirit of Montmartre is not a siren, but a monster holding fair France in a ghoulish bite, and, half beauty, half beast, the wonderful nation with the spiritual face, the generous breasts, and the clever hands, sings to lure gold out of the tourists' pocket. Her song is not either sweet or deep, as sirens' songs should be, but refrains of rhythmic folly which

foreigners appreciate, because not to understand is to forgive all.

Tell me what joy is there in the air of Montmartre that thrills you, you well-balanced, English creature—that air which smells of gas and decayed *revue* programmes, and which makes me, an inconsequential, unmoral Frenchwoman, look at the open sky through the chestnut branches, and wish I could breathe better, wish that I were by the sea, with spray on my forehead, and a clean, strong, much-washed rock under my knees; or among trees that are tall; that have roots, and do not talk, laugh, and sing shrilly; or for the Surrey downs that lie so still under the cool night; for a storm, a cathedral, a new-born baby, in a word, for anything big, anything which is quite such as it is, anything with a purpose, a meaning—truth, peace, and real life!



QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S NEW MAID-OF-HONOUR: MISS IVY GORDON-LENNOX.

Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox, who has become a Maid-of-Honour to Queen Alexandra, in the place of Miss Blanche Lascelles, resigned, is the only child of Colonel Lord Algon Gordon-Lennox, elder of the two brothers of the Duke of Richmond. She was born in 1887.

Photograph by Topical.

that of a ball when the last waltz is being danced—haggard, bitter, tired.

Montmartre has no beauty and no passion. It is mean and unkempt and false. It does its very worst to be wicked,

because its English patron would like it to be wicked, and Montmartre knows that its business is to amuse him; but you have no idea how hard it is to amuse others when you yourself are being bored and tired. If London truly liked Montmartre, if it were to her not a tradition but a need, London would have its Montmartre, as it has its claret and champagne. It might not grow on English soil; but it might be easily imported, without its most objectionable sides, such as Apaches, skeleton horses, bad smells, and thin-tyred taxis. Not that Apaches, bad smells, and uncomfortable taxis are unbearable in themselves, but that they seem out of place in a great city. A Klepht, in red fez and fustanelle, supple, strong, and beautiful, standing on a rock against the blue sky of Greece, holds your sympathy and admiration, even if he does hold you to ransom. A Paris Apache—anæmic, consumptive, under-sized, smelling of absinthe and of cheap scent, in button-boots, and cap or bowler—is a repulsive microbe. One can stand bravely the smells of a chemist's shop, or of a stable, or of a sulphur bath, but the stairs of the Paris Metropolitan railways, the corridors of the theatres, the back rooms of the restaurants, sanitary laws help them! One can jolt and rejoice in a country cart, in a dear old four-wheeler, on the cobbled



ON THE HOLLAND PARK SKATING-RINK: LORD BRABOURNE, MISS STOCKER, AND LORD BURGHERSH.

Lord Brabourne, who is the third Baron of a creation dating from 1880, succeeded to the title in 1909, when he was twenty-four. The first Baron was better known, as the Right Hon. Edward Hugessen Knatchbull, who during his political career was M.P. for Sandwich, a Lord of the Treasury, Under-Secretary for the Home Department, and Under-Secretary for the Colonies. The present Baron was a Lieutenant in the Grenadiers, and is now in the Reserve of Officers. Lord Burghersh, elder son of the Earl of Westmorland, is in the Navy. He will be nineteen in March.—[Photograph by G.P.P.]



CHALLENGER OF ALL AMERICAN LADY FENCERS: BARONESS DE MEYER.

The Baroness is a familiar figure in London, and is most popular. Her husband is well known for, amongst other things, his very artistic amateur photography.

Photograph by Edwin Levick.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

The Scottish Motor Exhibition.

This week the city of Edinburgh gives place to its big sister on the Clyde in the matter of a motor exhibition, for at the Industrial Hall, Kelvingrove, Glasgow, the fifteenth Annual Scottish Motor Exhibition is in full swing. The building is altogether more suitable for

the purpose of an automobile exhibition than the Waverley Market, which is the only area Edinburgh has to offer for such undertakings. The Scotsman who could not, or would not, come South for Olympia will, I am sure, find a satisfying substitute at Kelvingrove Hall, for he will at least discover there a full range of the automobile products of his own country; and, though few in number, they are at least equal in repute and quality to the best found across the Border, which should be a soul-satisfying thing for a Scotsman. Chief among these exhibits will be, of course, the single-sleeve-valve Argyll engine, around which so much attention centred at West Kensington in November, and which many Scottish motorists will now inspect for the first time, although they must be by now fairly well acquainted with the details of this interesting and ingenious engine. Then there will be the famous Arrol-Johnston and the Albion cars, together with the celebrated Clincher tyres, with the most practical Clincher detachable rim, all as Scottish as haggis.

La Bicyclette Volante.

M. Emmanuel Aimé, has let loose the reins of his imagination on the subject of the flying bicycle—"la bicyclette volante," as he terms it, and by which designation it sounds more real. If, says M. Aimé, it is possible for a man by the employment of his unaided muscles to swim the Channel like Webb and Burgess, why should he thereby not fly with some sort of humanly operated mechanism to help him? If a man can exert one horse power, as it is said he can, then by suitable appliances in the shape of a pedal-operated propeller, and a plane or two, he ought to be able to fly the "bicyclette volante." Then the "little aviation" would develop along with the "great aviation," but not to such lofty elevations. The "little aviation" must be content with the lower planes of the atmosphere. The perusal of M. Aimé's witty article makes it all seem quite possible, and probable, until that terrible person the mathematician gets to work on him, and bursts his airily fanciful bubble.

Up Against Trams!

In towns and places where they "tram," there is no sort of traffic which is so hampered by these electric juggernauts of the streets as motor vehicles. Could our municipal authorities have been gifted with foresight, could they have dipped ever so little into the future, there would have been no desire for tramways either now or in the past, save on the part of those who looked to profit by the contracts. And now protest against the terrible congestion caused in London and other cities by tram-traffic is taking official form in a petition to the Board of Trade by that most excellent and hard-working body the Roads Improvement Association. This petition has been lodged at the request of many influential bodies, and sets forth the various abuses of which trams are guilty. It is

pointed out that obstruction arises chiefly from the frequent and close running of trams during periods when tram-traffic is small, the congestion of tramway lines, the stoppage of tramway carriages abreast on parallel lines, and the badly regulated manner in which tramway repairs are carried out. The memorialists ask to be allowed to submit a scheme of reform. This will assuredly ruffle the feathers of the London County Council, who are the worst offenders in London in these matters.

Shock-Absorbers and Road-Equalisers.

Notwithstanding the all-round improvement in the surfaces of our English roads, efforts are being made on all sides to improve, by the addition of certain shock-nullifying apparatus, the springing of our motor-cars. Just at the moment, there is quite

an epidemic of shock-absorbers, or road-equalisers, what ever term may be preferred. As usual, the motorist whose springs are somewhat untoward, and who looks round for something to mitigate the accentuated vibration which reaches his body when driving over pot-holed roads, suffers from *embarras de richesses*, inasmuch as he is offered half-a-dozen devices, each one of which is claimed to be better than the others. There are some half-dozen appliances which are very well spoken of by those who have fitted them, among them being the Lever Spring Suspension—the first thing of its kind; the Amortisseur I. M., the Premier Shock Absorber, and the U. M. I. Road Equaliser. But different cars with different springings require different treatment, and it is in test and report on these devices that the R.A.C. would do the State some service.



THE MOTOR-CAR AS STEP: MRS. THOROLD MOUNTING A VERY RESTIVE HUNTER AT A MEET OF THE BELVOIR NEAR HARROWBY.

Photograph by Gile's Photo Agency.

Many a motorist has suffered in pocket and temper by the failure of retreads, particularly when he has fallen a prey to the specious advertisements of insignificant and incompetent people, who have embarked in this kind of business without qualifications, capital, or the necessary plant. A cheap retread is false economy, for to perform such work properly and well the best materials, great skill, and a sound knowledge of pneumatic-tyre construction are absolutely necessary. Moreover, many of the people who tout for retreading business will, for the sake of getting the job, retread covers upon which no money should be spent. When a tyre shows signs of wearing out, and well before it looks worn out, it should be sent to its makers, who are best able to judge if it is worth retreading, and

obviously have the best means and material for doing the work. I have time and again heard of covers condemned as irreparable by those originally responsible for them sent to some of these retreading people with most unsatisfactory results. Very few tyres in which the fabric of the casing has gone are worth repair.



A MILLIONAIRE IN THE ONLY KIND OF CAR HE OWNS AT PRESENT: VINSON WALSH MACLEAN, OF WASHINGTON.

Little Vinson MacLean, it is solemnly recorded, gave a Christmas party recently and numbered twenty other millionaire babies amongst his guests.

Photograph by Record Press.



CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

Grand National. The raising of the minimum weight for the Grand National fortunately had little effect on the numerical strength of the entry, which is only slightly below that of last year, but it has not prevented owners of what are considered to be bad horses (that is, considered so by other than the owners thereof) from entering them. There is a large percentage of mere leather and prunella among the fifty-seven nominated, and one can reckon with certainty on seeing such lumped together at the tail-end. Mr. Topham's task in handicapping horses for the Grand National was, with a 9 st. 7 lb. minimum, difficult enough, but this year, with half a stone of his allowance lopped off, it will be still less enviable. There is no doubt that he will make excellent use of the small amount of straw allowed him with which to make his bricks, but we shall have to wait until the acceptances are out to see how owners appreciate reverting to the old conditions. Of those that may be designated "Liverpool horses," Jerry M., Rathnally, Carsey, Caubeen, Glenside, Jenkins-town, and Rory O'More will assuredly be at the head of the handicap; and it will be very interesting to see at what value Mr. Topham rates Glenside's victory and Rathnally's second in such exceptional circumstances as those of last year. There is little doubt that Rathnally was one of the most unfortunate horses that ever lost a Grand National, and people are saying now, to use a common Turf phrase, that he cannot be handicapped out of it this year. That, of course, remains to be seen. Of the French entries, Trudon and Trianon III. are the best, and Cher Tatoué the least known in this country.

The Bad Horse. For some time past there has been a mild sort of agitation on the subject of handicapping, due in a large measure, I suppose, to the blunders that have disfigured various important and minor handicaps. The three main lines in the agitation were (1) that the committee was a failure—or, at any rate, not the success it was hoped it would be—and should be abolished; (2) that the scale in flat-race handicaps should be extended; and (3) that the scale in the Grand National should be curtailed. The first and third of these points have been pressed home with such success that early in May the committee will cease to act, and this year the minimum weight in the Grand National will be 10 st. There is little doubt that the second question will receive serious attention from the Jockey Club during this season, and it is more than possible that something will be done so that the handicappers will have a better chance of doing justice to all the horses entered. Whether owners would be

induced to enter three-year-olds in early spring handicaps if there were an extended scale is problematical; but I should imagine they would welcome the chance. What strikes me as peculiar about this discussion on handicapping is that the one great card played by those who urged the raising of the Grand National minimum was that every effort should be made to discourage owners of bad horses from entering. On the other hand, the principal prop in the petition for an extended flat-race scale is that under present conditions the bad horse has no chance! So, in the case of the steeplechase, Mr. Topham is saddled with a task that it is frankly admitted would be impossible for handicappers in flat races!

Selling Steeplechases.

The weather has, taken on the whole, been very favourable to sport under National Hunt Rules, only a few days' racing having so far been abandoned. This continuation of sport is probably good for the various enclosures; good for the jockeys as it keeps them in employment; and also good for the hosts of people who follow racing either regularly or irregularly. But an "open winter" has one drawback from a racing point of view, and that is that the sport becomes tame through so much repetition. It is said that there are more horses in training under National Hunt Rules than at any previous time. No one who makes a practice of attending our racecourses would suspect that such was the case, for one gets the impression that one is watching the same horses travelling round to the various courses, if not exactly day after day, at all events very frequently. This is particularly so in regard to selling steeplechases, which this season have fallen on very bad times.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

Newbury, to-day: Weyhill Hurdle, Algy A.; Sefton Steeplechase, Prefect; United Hunts Cup, Snap; Maiden Hurdle, Gilgandra. To-morrow: Winchester Steeplechase, General Fox; Berkshire Hurdle, Avernus; Ogbourne Steeplechase, A. J.;



WITH THE SMILING AID OF MISS LILY ELSIE: CAPTAIN IAN BULLOUGH DRINKING THE HEALTH OF THE FOXHOUNDS FROM THE LOVING-CUP PRESENTED TO HIM BY MEMBERS OF THE HUNT.



MRS. IAN BULLOUGH (MISS LILY ELSIE), CAPTAIN IAN BULLOUGH, AND THE HUNTSMAN. MISS LILY ELSIE IN A NEW RÔLE: MRS. IAN BULLOUGH AND HER HUSBAND AT A MEET OF THE MUSKERRY FOXHOUNDS.

The photographs illustrate a meet of the Muskerry Foxhounds, at Oakgrove, co. Cork, the residence of the Master, Captain Ian Bullough. It will be recalled that Captain Bullough married Miss Lily Elsie, the well-known musical-comedy star, of "Merry Widow" and other fame, in November of last year. He is a son of the late John Bullough, of Meggernie Castle, Glen Lyon, Perthshire, and the Isle of Rhum, Argyll. Mrs. Bullough's maiden name was Elsie Cotton. She is a daughter of the late Charles William Cotton, theatrical manager.—[Photographs by L.N.A.]

Moderate Hurdle, Himan. Lingfield, Friday: New Year Steeplechase, Smithfield; Stayers' Hurdle, Melusine II.; Holly Steeplechase, Bruton; Howard Steeplechase, Yonder. Saturday: Weald Steeplechase, Porridge; Eden Vale Hurdle, Shrubbs; Tandridge Court Hurdle, Plume; Hammerwood Steeplechase, Quinton.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

"Tales of Hoffmann," Everyone should see the wonderful production of the "Contes d'Hoffmann" by Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, since it realises so completely the Teutonic spirit of this celebrated opera, as well as the mixture of sumptuousness and imagination so characteristic of the essentially Hebraic music of Offenbach. In most Teutonic legends ("Faust," "The Miracle," etc.) there is a Spirit of Evil which leads the unhappy hero or heroine of the tale to their undoing. In Gothic cathedrals this mocking Spirit appears in the shape of hideous grinning gargoyles, or of carved beasts on the choir-seats. At the London Opera House, this winter, it is impersonated by M. Renaud in three wonderful "creations." Moreover, the hero, unlike most of his German impersonators, is young, tall, slim, and handsome; while little Miss Felice Lyne makes an ideal Doll—though she should not be dressed like a baby, since it destroys all the satire on the doll-woman, and makes it highly improbable that a stalwart young man of six-foot-two should conceive a mad passion for her. Then the lures of Giulietta in Venice are amply realised in the beauty and the jewels of Mme. Lina Cavalieri; and the famous "Barcarolle," beautifully played by the orchestra, makes its customary effect on the nerves of the audience. For that music nowadays is essentially a nerve-stimulant can hardly be doubted, and that is why it is daily becoming more and more a need in our modern civilisation.

The Modern There is no doubt that the expression of the hand in higher civilised races has changed, in a hundred years, quite as much as that of the face. "The perfect hand of the painters," says Mr. Richard Pryce in his delightful novel "Christopher," "the Hand Beautiful of convention, lacked subtleties." Now these subtleties may be perceived any night at any dinner-table where Superior Persons are gathered together. The modern hand is a thoughtful hand, and makes use of gestures which denote the new virtues of pity and altruism, as well as an extraordinary feeling for the arts, especially that of music. If you took an audience at one of the classical concerts at the Queen's Hall and examined their hands, you would hardly find one of the old, blunt, square-fingered, brutal type among them. Sir Henry Irving had beautiful and essentially "modern" hands, and he used them with extraordinary effect in his acting. How often one would look at his hands instead of his face in some great scene—so expressive were they of his emotions. In mediæval times only saints and martyrs possessed the kind of hand which you see nowadays belonging to a high-school teacher or a celebrated physician. Yet Mr. Pryce's heroine belies her intellectual hands. She is an arrant coquette, and, in spite of her superfine and modern emotions, contrives to treat the hero very shabbily. These modern hands, with all their subtleties, are therefore not to be trusted. Indeed, their very complexities are a snare to the unwary observer.

Smoke and the Theatre.

The smoking mania has now reached such a point that it is seriously proposed that the audience at theatres should be allowed to indulge in tobacco during the performance of a play. Against this innovation I hope that every woman will raise a protest, if only in the interests of health. A theatre with a vitiated atmosphere filled with persons puffing tobacco in one's face will be no delectable spot in which to pass an evening. Imagine sitting in the stalls seeing Shakespeare or Shaw with a man on one side of you puffing at a pipe, and on the other a big Havana in full combustion! The effect on one's eyes and throat—not to mention the unpleasant results to one's hair and one's "glad rags"—would be so disagreeable that I imagine women would boycott the theatres where it was allowed. The usual cigarette of the entr'acte ought to be enough tobacco for our menfolk between their after-dinner smoke and their cigarette going home. It may be urged that smoking is permitted in all parts of the house at music-halls; but the immense variety theatres to which ladies go are so much bigger and better ventilated than the average playhouse that the smell is not intolerable. If tobacco is an absolute necessity for modern nerves—and it would look as if it were becoming so—then the outcry against women using cigarettes is as unreasonable as many other man-made prohibitions.



MODES OF THE MOMENT ON THE PARISIAN STAGE: DRESSES WORN BY FAMOUS FRENCH ACTRESSES.

On the left we have a cloak worn by Mlle. Madeleine Carlier; it is made in a soft-green brocade, with a draped fichu of old-gold-coloured satin, edged with bands of fur. The next one to it is a mantle worn by Mlle. Prince, in a fresh-green satin, embroidered with gold sequins, and finished with a big collar of tailless ermine. Mme. Marie Magnier (the third from the left) shows a mantle in begonia-coloured velvet, with skunk edgings, and a wide band of Byzantine gaiter laid down the length of the back. The one on the right is a very original-looking cloak, worn by Mme. Lavièrre, made of velvet, stamped in an ultra-modern design, to which is added a sumptuous trimming of black fox.

The Cadi and the Woman. Mr. Plowden, who knows two worlds thoroughly—that of clubs and drawing-rooms, and that of the under-world which appears before him in the police-court where he dispenses justice tempered by humour—is of opinion that "the whole nature of the female sex is altered." It is indeed a parlous state of affairs. The ladies who appear before him in the course of his magisterial duties exhibit, it appears, an amount of

pugnacity, of initiative, a sense of responsibility which were unknown to the Victorian female of Mr. Plowden's youth. They will not "put up with" injuries and indignities which their mothers would have accepted as part of our social system, if not as one of Nature's immutable laws. The comparative economic independence of women-folk has, of course, much to do with this hoity-toity attitude, this determination to "stand up to" their masterful masculine belongings. George Meredith used to maintain that men would never give their full measure of respect to women until they could earn as much money as a man. Like all great ideas, this Meredithian dictum is perfectly simple and profoundly true. Yet society is slow in grasping the change. Another and less perspicacious magistrate observed the other day that "any man can talk a woman over if he tries." I am afraid that not only modern experience but the wisdom of the ages points the other way, and that woman's silvery tongue, her command of emotional rhetoric, are the weapons with which she fights—and wins—the eternal battle of the sexes.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 29.

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

OUTSIDE the Miscellaneous Market there are not many changes of note to chronicle this week: both British and Foreign Government securities have been weak owing to the firmer money rates now ruling, but happily the political crisis in France has not affected the markets.

With regard to Home Rails, we can only repeat the sentence that we have had to use so often during the last six months—namely, "That they have been entirely dominated by the labour outlook," and this appears likely to be the case for some time to come.

There has been little doing in Mines, and Diamonds have been the only department to exhibit any strength. The meeting of the East Rand Proprietary on the 18th is awaited with keen interest by the Kaffir Market. Coppers have tumbled down on adverse reports from America, and Rio Tintos are 2 lower on the week at 71½. Among Miscellaneous Issues, Marconis have been dealt in on an exceedingly large scale, and have fluctuated wildly; after touching 79s. towards the end of last account, they went back to 64s., but have since recovered to 68s. L.G.O. stock continues to advance, in face of considerable criticism of the amalgamation scheme.

The strike of the engine-drivers in the Argentine has not been treated as a very serious matter in the market, and prices have suffered but little. It seems likely that Government action will prevent the strike being of very long duration, and the latest crop-reports are very encouraging. Although the wheat harvest has suffered from excessive rains, the maize crop is going to be something altogether out of the ordinary, and we think quotation should soon advance again. The lines serving the Province of Buenos Ayres (which is the great maize-growing district) will probably benefit the most, and should show some wonderful figures when the crop movement begins.

NATIONAL TELEPHONES.

Although the Post Office took over the National Telephone Company's assets "lock, stock, and barrel," on Jan. 1, it is likely to be a considerable time before the actual results to the shareholders will be known. This has been clear for some time, but the Chairman made it even clearer in his speech at the half-yearly meeting of the Company the other day. The fact that it has been considered necessary to stipulate for interest to accrue at 5 per cent. on all payments outstanding beyond June 30 speaks for itself.

The cash payment of £3,000,000, which is to be used in redeeming the Debentures, is to be made on the 29th inst., but the real interest centres round the Deferred stock, which will take the largest share of whatever surplus there is to be divided. The total capital (including Debentures) has a face value of £11,171,959, of which £3,725,000 is Deferred stock, worth, at the market's valuation, about £4,656,000.

From these figures it will be seen how large is the sum involved, but, apart from the cash referred to above, payment will, in all probability, be made by an issue of 3 per cent. Exchequer Bonds, redeemable by annual drawings, and in estimating the value of the stock this must be considered, as it is doubtful whether such bonds would be quoted at par.

The valuation of the assets is to be arbitrated before the Railway and Canal Commission, and it is so impossible to form an estimate of what their valuation will be, that it would seem wise to leave the market in the hands of those who have special information.

GUAYAQUIL AND QUITO BONDS.

We have referred to these bonds on several occasions lately, but so little information has been published concerning them that we make no apology for doing so again, more especially as we do not consider that the actual position warrants the heavy fall which occurred during the last account.

Thanks to the pressure brought to bear by the United States Government, negotiations for the payment of both the arrears and the January coupon were practically complete in December last, and letters written at that time by influential holders on the other side have been received in which they urge bondholders here on no account to compromise, as the Government in Washington was determined to see the matter through.

Unfortunately, at this critical time, Estrada, President of Ecuador, died, and General Playa, who was recognised as President by the existing Government, has been opposed by Alfaro, nephew of the late President, who has taken possession of Guayaquil. The latest news is that General Playa is advancing against him from Quito. These disturbances, although a cause of delay, will afford the United States a further inducement to step in and put the Republic on a firmer basis. In fact, a correspondent, writing from Washington, declares that decisive action will be taken within the next few weeks.

The position, therefore, is not quite so unsatisfactory as the recent fall in the price of the bonds would suggest, and a purchase at the present price should, we think, prove a remunerative gamble.

THREE GOOD RUBBER INVESTMENTS.

I. BATU CAVES. II. BUKIT KAJANG. III. TEBRAU.

No apology is needed for returning to the subject of Rubber shares to-day, for the Rubber Market bids fair to be a centre of interest for some time to come. Roughly speaking, anyone who desires to invest money in this department may buy one of three classes of shares: (a) There are those Companies a large part of whose acreage has already reached the producing stage, which are now paying very big dividends; this class includes the best-known shares, such as Linggi, Pataling, etc. (b) There are Companies which are already producing rubber from a small part of the planted acreage, and paying dividends, but which will rapidly increase their output in the next few years, such as Langkat Sumatra, Bukit Kajang; and (c) There are Companies which have not yet entered, or are only just entering, the productive stage, but which will take their place alongside the older Companies in years to come. The division is, of course, an arbitrary one, and it is often difficult to draw the line or decide in which group a Company should be classed. Many of the older Companies, for instance, as in the case of Bukit Rajah, continue to extend their planted acreage year by year, and so belong partly to (a) and partly to (b); but for practical purposes the distinction may serve. Each kind will attract a different class of investors, and has points in its favour. For instance, if, as seems probable, the price of rubber remains anywhere near its present level for two or three years, Companies already producing will reap a rich harvest of dividends; on the other hand, the capital value of classes (b) and (c) should tend to increase steadily, and to approximate in time to class (a), and those who prefer an improving investment to an immediate large return will choose classes (b) or (c). The three shares mentioned above—*Batu Caves*, *Bukit Kajang*, and *Tebrau*—are fair examples of the three classes, and I propose to give a few particulars of each, and your readers will then be able to decide for themselves which they prefer. All three are among the very best of their class, and are likely to increase in value. I will deal with *Batu Caves* and *Bukit Kajang* to-day, and give further details of *Tebrau* on a future occasion.

(1) *Batu Caves*.—Capital issued, £26,750 in £1 shares; acreage planted, 1400 acres; at price of £12 per share, market capitalisation per acre is £230; rubber crop 1910, 173,127 lb., sold at 7s.: dividend 1910, 150 per cent.; rubber crop, 1911, 258,000 lb., interim dividend so far paid, 75 per cent.; probable final dividend, due in March, 10s. per share, making 125 per cent. for year. Moderate crop estimate for 1912, 320,000 lb., if sold at 4s. 6d. per lb., would give profit of £48,000, or, say, 35s. per share, or 175 per cent. in dividends. Total number of trees planted, 186,375, of which it is estimated 84,000 were tapped in 1911. Chairman estimates total crop, when whole acreage in full bearing, 1,100,000 lb. per annum; but assuming only 840,000 lb., dividend, if only 6d. per lb. profit, would be 80 per cent. Dividends of from 150 to 200 per cent. may be expected for the next few years, and the shares should be held for at least £16.

(2) *Bukit Kajang*.—Capital issued, £89,796, in £1 shares; acreage planted, 2442 acres, and 72 acres ready for planting; at price of £2½ per share, market capitalisation per acre is £100; rubber crop, year ended June 30, 1911, 89,987 lb., net profit, £13,164; dividend for year, 12½ per cent.; official estimated crop for year ending June 30 next is 185,000 lb., of which 88,760 lb. were obtained to end of December; if sold at 4s. 6d., profit should be sufficient to pay 30 per cent. dividend for current year. Profits should increase rapidly in next few years, and the shares should be held for £5.

Jan. 13, 1912.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

A. H. C.—Your investments are all quite good, and you should hold them. Your rate of interest is next to impossible, when you say "not Industrial." Leopoldina Terminal Debentures would pay 5 per cent. and be safe, or San Paulo Railway Ordinary. City of Pernambuco 5 per cent. bonds at 95½ we consider a good, cheap bond. Any one of the three would do for you.

VICTIM.—You have only yourself to blame. If you read the papers you would see continual prosecutions of the class of people you have dealt with. Write to the police and complain.

E. L. K.—We have sent you the broker's name and address. See answer to A. H. C. for suggestions.

J. A. F.—(1) We have no special knowledge. The profits seem to have been declining for several years. (2) Not a bad stock, although there are many of a like class we prefer. (3) It is a Company we do not like. We presume you refer to Debenture stock. You might do better. There is often a limited market in this class of thing. The bad market is caused by lack of buyers; it is so easy to do better with one's money.

A. J. E.—Your letter was answered on the 8th instant.

LOCOMOTIVE.—The Company is a good one of its class. As long as Canada is flourishing mortgages are met promptly and all goes well, but a couple of bad years in the Dominion would make the position very doubtful. The terminable Debentures must be paid as they fall due, and the Company depends on its mortgages also being paid promptly to make it safe. It is a business with considerable risks, which in Australia we have seen come home to roost.

Good support is forthcoming for Diamonds, and among the smaller counters Diamantfontein 10/- shares are in request at 1½ to 1⅞. The Company, which is associated with the Oceana Development Company, is concerned with the exploitation of the newly found diamond deposits in the Bloemhof District, Transvaal. The Diamantfontein Syndicate has received an excellent cable from Piemarsfontein, the diamond rights on which belong to the syndicate.

Premier Oil and Pipe Lines are a satisfactory market at between 18s. and 19s. cum the third quarterly dividend of 6d. per share for the current year. Oil has appeared in the Company's Livia Well, and there is now good prospect of an increase in the dividends to 15 per cent. per annum. The Company's prospects are also greatly enhanced by the cable dated the 11th inst. from Vienna stating that the Crude Oil Producers' Union of Galicia will pay in March next an additional 1s. 3d. per ton on all oil delivered from May 1 to December 31 last.

Highly satisfactory results are declared to have been obtained by Van den Berghs during the past year, and with the huge carry-forward of over £200,000 for 1910, and the exceptionally strong position of the Company in its trade investments, reserve, etc., the shares are in good demand for account of investors. The pending balance dividend will doubtless bring the aggregate for the year to 17½ per cent. for the third time in succession. But there is a probability of an increased rate, and the yield is already equal to over 7½ per cent.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Our Skirts.

I have heard a great many things about wider skirts and a rentrée of early Victorian fashions. So far, I am unable to find any foundation for what I have heard. On the Riviera, the Italian as well as the French, I hear that narrow skirts are still being worn. Now, the Riviera continues to be the forerunner of our fashions for the spring. Monte Carlo is so overrun with Germans, the women quite content to be merely clothed, that it has fallen somewhat from grace as a fashion-centre. There are, however, many smart sunshine-seekers all along the coast, and among them dress keeps up to a very high level. The great corsetières are still keeping the figures as slim as possible, their efforts in this direction being greater than ever. All that makes for the truth of what I have heard, and keep hearing, is that skirts are considerably trimmed and that shot-taffetas are coming in, much the kind of thing that early Victorian women of fashion rejoiced in, but of far more alluring colours than they knew of, and far softer fabric. That the form of skirts will change very little is my firm opinion. Women have made an ideal of classical length of line and slenderness, of which they are as yet far from tired.

The Blessed Bottle. There is a reverse to everything, and a bottle of Horlick's Malted Milk is the reverse to a bottle of alcoholic intoxicant as to its effect. No one wants to say a word against whisky, wine, or brandy in moderation. Still, it is not blessed in the degree that a sustaining and invigorating drink is, while it is insidious, and so often proves the opposite to a blessing. This malted milk is easily digested and of great nutritive value; it is delightful in flavour, and made in an instant. Many a time it has proved a blessed bottle; the story of how it did so on one occasion, charmingly illustrated and prettily told, can be had from Horlick's Malted Milk

Company, Slough, Bucks. It is a story children will greatly like, as they will greatly like this invaluable preparation. It is an admirable preventative against colds and coughs in this changeable weather.

A Marquess's Marriage. Last April, on Primrose Day, the Marquess and

Marchioness of Linlithgow were married. Next April, the Marquess of Stafford, heir to the Dukedom of Sutherland, will be married to Lady Eileen Butler, elder of the two daughters of the Earl and Countess of Lanesborough and a débutante and belle of last season. The Duke of Sutherland is a great landowner, but, alas! not a rich man. It will be remembered that the late Duke left as much money as he possibly could away from the title and estates. It was long before the present Duke could enjoy life according to his rank, because the revenue from his great possessions was inadequate if the places were to be kept up. Had the late Duke died within the imposition

of death-duties, his case would have been worse. Trentham would not sell, and had finally to be abandoned. The land in Sutherlandshire, despite its enormous acreage, is mostly deer-forest—that is, mountain, moor, and bog; the shooting-tenants are the chief source of income. Crofters pay very little rent, and if they are in trouble, the Duke helps them. If their hay gives out in the winter, he sends them a load; and if they cannot pay their little bit of rent, they are not pressed. They cannot, therefore, be regarded as a reliable source of income. Dornoch has of late years become a well-known golfing centre, and many houses have been built there on feus granted by the Duke at yearly rentals. It is possible that Brora may develop on similar lines, and help the revenue in some measure. Stafford House is the finest interior in London, but requires a fortune to keep up. There are art treasures in it which render his Grace of Sutherland an enormously wealthy man. He, perhaps, could not dispose of them even if he would. The Crown lease of the house itself will, it is said, fall in within a decade. The bride-elect is of long pedigree, but not of a family at all wealthy; the young couple will not, therefore, be rich for their position. They will probably, however, be none the less happy. Lord Stafford has been appointed Commissioner of the Sutherland estates and takes a great interest in them. He will no doubt try again to represent his county in Parliament, in which effort his pretty Irish bride will doubtless be a valuable asset to him. It is to be hoped that she will not be subjected by rowdy Radical tradesmen to the treatment accorded Lady Hermione Cameron when she accompanied Lochiel in his canvas; they threw mud and dirt at her, the more despicable that she is so gentle, and a high-bred woman!



A MASHER: MISS SYLVIA FRAENKEL.
Photo. by Speaight.



"L'OISEAU DE FEU": MISS GRACE CURNOCK.
Photograph by Speaight.

A New Maid-of-Honour.

Queen Alexandra has appointed the Hon. Ivy Gordon-Lennox to fill the position of Maid-of-Honour resigned by the Hon. Blanche Lascelles on her marriage with Mr. George Lloyd, M.P. The new Maid-of-Honour is petite and pretty, bright and clever. She takes her title of Hon. for life from her appointment. Her father is the Duke of Richmond and Gordon's brother, her mother is the Countess of Warwick's sister, half-sister to the Duchess of Sutherland. Miss Ivy Gordon-Len-

nox dresses in a manner worthy of the daughter of Lady Algy Gordon-Lennox, one of the smartest women in Society. Queen Alexandra likes to have well-dressed people in her household. It is unlikely that her Majesty will do much this season; but that she will have a court of her own, and that it will be a brilliant circle is fairly certain. She numbers among her devoted, personal friends many of the cleverest and smartest women of the day.

Very aggressive-looking is the British lion

drawing Britannia's car, amidst the armed sons of the Empire, in the cover-design of the "Standard of Empire" Annual for 1911-12. Within, however, the illustrations treat mostly of the piping times of peace, and excellent illustrations they are, including a large number of fine views in colour. The articles and short stories are also remarkably interesting, and there is much information useful to intending colonists about Canada and Australia.



A FISHERMAN: MISS SYBIL POUND.
Photo. by Lafayette.



GITANA: MISS "MINTY LAMB" (MR. GEORGE R. SIMS' NIECE).
Photo. Foulsham and Banfield.



JOHN BULL, MASTER GUY RAMSEY.
Photo. by Speaight.

THE CHILDREN'S FANCY-DRESS
DALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE:
NOTABLE DRESSES.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Saints, Sinners, and the Usual People."By ST. JOHN LUCAS.
(Blackwood.)

Those who have already met with some of these, and others to whom they come as new introductions, will equally welcome their arrival. Rarely are the humours and the touching naïveté of Catholic legend more delightfully employed than in the first story, called "Expeditus," because a box of relics sent through the Italian post with the word "Spedita" on the cover, is taken by two charming nuns as belonging to a new saint of that name. And the same feeling informs the second tale—"The Little Friend of St. Ambrosius." With modern Chelsea and Binns, the frame-maker, who tasted a sweet revenge by sending an Aphrodite to Market Clayford in place of "The Statue of the Commander," the fun gets a shade farcical. Only in Chelsea would Binns be credible, and Chelsea, we know, is equivalent to saying "art," and an artist is not, in Chelsea at any rate, a scientific investigator of the bare bones of truth. But Binns makes an undeniably good story. The same may be said of each subject which Mr. St. John Lucas essays. Its humour is always adorned by an unobtrusive but unmistakable air of the scholar, an air which grows classic in such ruminations as those anent the eternal correlation of saintliness and feminine obesity, and makes the story of the hare that crouched among the saint's cabbages as beautiful and curious as an old missal page.

"The Joyous Wayfarer."By HUMFREY JORDAN.
(Blackwood.)

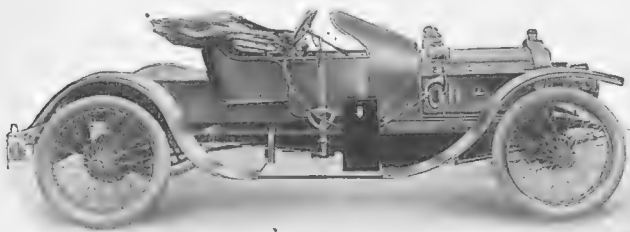
The Joyous Wayfarer was the son of a naval officer who had determined on a learned profession for his boy, while the boy himself was equally determined on an artistic career. Being fearful of poverty, however, he gave in to his father so far as to graduate at Oxford and start reading for the Bar. But when an unfortunate incident caused his fiancée to end her engagement to him, he burnt his boats and went to Paris for serious study. Thenceforward transpires much of the art student's life, full of fantastic contrasts as it ever appears, whether led near the Slade or on the hill of Montmartre. Louis Massingdale is represented as something of a fanatic, and his charm is not entirely free from a suspicion of hysteria. Needless to say, he is Quixotic and chivalrous to a very fine shade. His young woman finds life quite too colourless without him, and after a year or two takes back her dismissal of him very generously. That year or two is spent by him in work which succeeds in producing a masterpiece—"La Femme," now hanging in the Luxembourg. And the woman had the beautiful head

of his faithless betrothed, painted from memory. The hero's high and hectic spirits carry small conviction of joy, though they read true enough in the light of a nervous temperament bent on great achievement. Mr. Jordan fails of arousing the glow of feeling which he describes as surrounding Louis Massingdale's personality. It may be that, after the manner of injudicious friends, he is somewhat too diffuse.

"An Irregular Marriage."By SIDNEY WARWICK.
(Greening.)

Mr. Warwick's story has much more to do with murder than with marriage. It would be a serious task to number the various people who turn ashen-grey, who emit little choking cries, who only just don't faint, or who slip unconscious to the floor at grimly significant moments. But the worst of it, the best of it, and the glory of Mr. Sidney Warwick are that they each have excellent and most alarming reasons for doing so. Whether innocent or blackly guilty, the web of circumstance is too cunningly spread, and each victim faces what looks to be a hopeless *impasse*. Adrian Cleve's first wife had run away with Adrian's friend. She had been an actress before her marriage, and only a few weeks after her elopement news of her death in a terrible American catastrophe reached England. Though keeping his wife's memory very warm within his heart, he married again in a manner to help his career and political ambitions. Four years went by before things began to happen. Then Fox Creyke, the man with whom the first Mrs. Cleve ran away, is mysteriously murdered, and the first Mrs. Cleve herself reappears as Denise Vyse, the starred American actress. Reasons appear why nearly everyone should be suspected of the murder, and some pretty emotional scenes arise from the fact that Adrian discovers the veil of illusion in which he had wrapped his first wife, and turns with great longing to the other, the proud Margaret who was no wife at all. The course of events along which Mr. Warwick leads his poetic justice is well constructed and thrilling. His story keeps the reader in a constant state of interest and excitement, as a story of this kind should.

Three selections from Ivan Caryll's "Pink Lady" played by the Mayfair Orchestra, and two from the Drury Lane Pantomime Overture, by Glover's Orchestra, are among the popular items of the Gramophone Company's January list of records. The "Pink Lady" Waltz is also included as a song, given by Miss Lucy Marsh. Mr. Lewis Waller has contributed two recitations, from Shakespeare and Tennyson. Humorous numbers are supplied by Miss Margaret Cooper, Miss Clarice Mayne, and Messrs. Albert Chevalier, Tom Clare, Alfred Lester, and Mark Sheridan.



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—Financial News, 3/11/11.

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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with "Oedipus Rex," at Covent Garden; the Modern Isaac Walton; A Mesmerised Lobster; the Arum Lily Club, Scenes in the "Nightbirds"; Remarkable Make-Up by M. J. Périer, in "Les Contes D'Hoffmann"; Miss Lottie Venne as Mrs. Grundy; Princess Indiraraj of Baroda; Winter Sports at Mürren; Miss Betty Callish in "Orpheus in the Underground"; The Princess of Pless.

WINTER SPORTS THE SUNNY RIVIERA THE COMPLEXION

GLORIOUS! GLORIOUS! INGLORIOUS.

THE winter months bring many seasonable pleasures to the migrating Englishwoman, whether her weakness is skating, ski-ing, tobogganing on Switzerland's mountain roads, or whether she prefers a less strenuous life on the Riviera; but unless she possesses the necessary *savoir faire* she generally manages to return home with a drab, lustreless, fallow, freckled face. She has had a joyous time, no doubt; she is healthier than ever, no doubt; but, returned from the whirl in the foreign countries, she finds that however she may have profited in other directions, she has lost the soft charm of her complexion.

Now there is no reason why one should not have gained in this particular, as one has in those of health and pleasure.

Madame HELENA RUBINSTEIN has studied the truths in regard to the laws which govern beauty of the complexion, and prevention of and remedy for disfigurements, and gives in this article a few hints how the skin and the complexion can be safeguarded from possible injury, which so frequently results from a sojourn in the Alps, the Riviera, or Egypt during the winter months. The same rules may serve as a guidance for treatment of the face wherever one is exposed to the winter's biting cold or to the excessive heat of the sun.

Perhaps it is just as well to begin with the treatment of the lips, the membrane of which, from the vermilion border inwards, is the tenderest part of the face, and the chapping or cracking caused by cold or wind are not only painful, but a decided drawback from the point of facial beauty. The great rule is to cover the lips with a thin film of an emollient substance, through which the blast of the cold wind cannot penetrate. Such a protective preparation is Valaze Lip Lustre. It not only safeguards the delicate outer membrane of the lips against cracks and chaps and sores, but is, at the same time, the best remedy when these have already appeared. It can be obtained coloured (and the colour it imparts is natural and little affected by biting or moistening of the lips), or it can be obtained uncoloured.

Thousands of users of Valaze in many lands have realised that against piercing winds and cold weather, against the burning sun, freckles and sallowness, Nature gives no infallible remedy to the complexion: Valaze does. Nature reddens and roughens the skin: Valaze keeps it soft, clear, and supple—free from blotch and blemish. But for times of exposure, such as is the subject matter of this article, Novena Sunproof and Windproof Crème is a preparation of astonishing efficacy. It entirely prevents, as Valaze removes, freckles, sunburn, sallowness, and shrinking of the skin due to heat, wind, or weather. It is invisible in use; it soothes the skin, and makes the most delicate complexion invulnerable to the sun and cold. Before leaving the house one should give the face a slight coating of the Novena Sunproof and Windproof Crème, and follow this with a dusting of Novena Poudre, the whole occupying only about two minutes. The consistent use of the Valaze, Novena Sunproof and Windproof Crème, together with Novena Poudre makes weather-beaten faces impossible.

Great stress should be laid on the use of powder, but even greater stress on the kind of powder used. This important toilet aid is in this instance intended to serve a protective rather than a cosmetic or beautifying purpose. The greatest evil a woman has to contend with in the winter is excessive dryness of the skin. Therefore all are cautioned against the indiscriminate use of powders, and although MADAME RUBINSTEIN supplies several varieties, yet for outdoor use during winter Novena Poudre only is recommended, which is practically a skin food in powdered form. A preparation, the use of which can be alternated with the Novena Sunproof and Windproof Crème with much benefit, is Baume Vert. This speciality is particularly recommended when the skin is super-sensitive and becomes painfully tender when exposed to cold and strong sea air.

Then, again, on returning home the face should by no means then be washed with soap and water. Wash it, if you must, but wait at least an hour, and then only after the face has been cleansed with some Valaze or with Tonique Speciale; either one of these will have sufficiently, and with much benefit and comfort, cleansed the face, and if then washing is still desired, let it be done in warm, not hot water, softened with Valaze Water Softening Pastilles with the aid of the soothing Valaze Soap. After washing, a slight application again of Tonique Speciale and of powder. As a general principle, water should rarely be used during winter more than once a day for washing the face, and that only on retiring at night. When washing without the use of soap is desired, that rare and dainty cleansing lotion, Daleihne, should be used. The cleansing of the skin can be most effectively accomplished without the use of soap and water with Novena Cerate, a sweet-smelling cream of unique composition. It not only cleans the outer surface of the skin, but penetrates into its deepest layers.

By the aid of the preparations mentioned the condition of the skin during the winter will be a source of delight. The machinery of the skin will not experience a breakdown, and will not require any repairs at the hands of "beauty specialists," to be set right for the next season in town.

The prices of the preparations mentioned in this course of winter treatment are: Valaze Herbal Skin Food and Beautifier, 4/6, 8/6, and £1/1/- a jar; Valaze Lip Lustre, 2/- and 3/6; Novena Sunproof and Windproof Crème, 3/- and 6/-; Novena Poudre, 3/-, 5/6, and 10/6 a box; Baume Vert, 10/6 and £1/1/- a jar; Tonique Speciale, 7/6, 15/-, and £1/1/-; Valaze Water Softening Pastilles, 5/- for six tubes; Valaze Soap, 2/6 and 4/6 a tablet; Novena Cerate, 2/6, 4/6, and 12/6 a pot; Daleihne, 5/- and 12/6 a bottle.

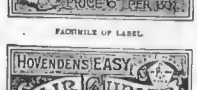
All these preparations can be obtained from Madame HELENA RUBINSTEIN, Maison de Beauté Valaze, 24, Grafton Street, Mayfair, London, or at her new establishment, 255, Rue St. Honore, Paris, which latter address is recommended to the especial attention of Madame RUBINSTEIN's clients spending the winter on the Continent. To obtain prompt execution of orders, they should be accompanied by remittances.

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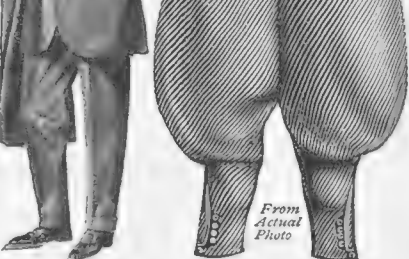
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760 x 100	4 16 0	5 9 0	1 4 0	1 2 8
810 x 100	5 4 0	5 17 0	1 5 0	1 5 6
870 x 100	5 12 0	6 6 6	1 7 6	1 9 8
815 x 105	5 12 0	6 5 0	1 7 0	1 7 0
875 x 105	6 1 0	6 15 0	1 8 6	1 8 4
915 x 105	6 6 0	7 2 6	1 10 0	1 14 0
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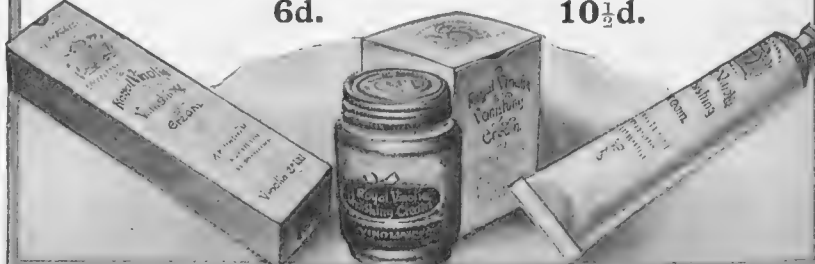
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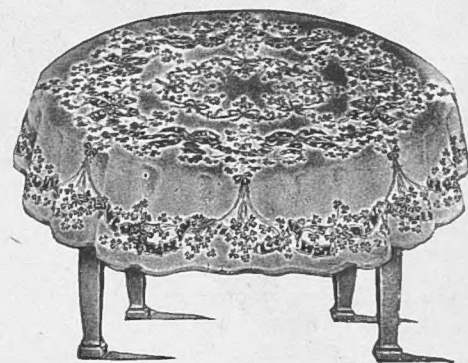
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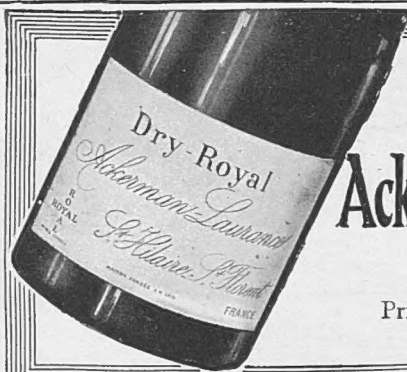
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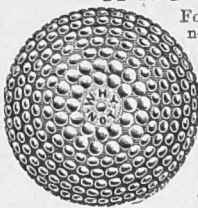
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